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ANARCHY OR ORDER

ANARCHY OR ORDER

Twelve Papers for the Times



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PREFACE

AMONG the forty millions of born Englishmen, born Irishmen, born Scotsmen and born Welshmen probably few theoretical anarchists could be found. The anarchists of the United Kingdom, almost without exception, are undesirable aliens who brought their anarchism with them to our shores. But, while anarchist doctrine is rarely held or preached by British men and women, anarchist modes of thinking and living are encountered every day, in all ranks and conditions of society. "I want it, so I will have it"; or "I hate it, so I won't do it"; or "What other people think is no concern of mine"; or "I mean to live my own life in my own way"; or "Let the man next door take care of himself and I will take care of myself";—these and similar sayings are being uttered, not as the pert boastings of an affected egoism, but as deliberate axioms by which to make the most and best of life. And what is far worse, they are not only spoken but acted upon with a thoroughness which outruns mere selfishness and becomes downright Anarchy. And out of so much anarchist practice, anarchist doctrine is sure to arise if the practice be not exposed and condemned and corrected.

Preface

The Essays composing this volume are loosely strung, like big and little beads of divers shapes and colours, on the same string. They do not lead one into the next, and they are not free from repetitions and from superficial contradictions. But, from the fairly long paper on Anarchy to the stirring poem "Australia," each and every one of the items commends Order as the saving salt of nations. Not that the word "Order" occurs often in the Essays; for the authors have generally preferred to urge Discipline, without which Order can hardly be imagined and never realised. The papers are warnings against softness, and they strive to kindle in the heart of everyone, who desires the best things for himself and for his fellow-creatures, the resolve: "I ought, I can, I will."

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I

ANARCHY

BY HELEN HESTER COLVILL

I

*"The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God the herdsman goads them on behind,
And I am broken by their hurrying feet. . . ."*

THE children grow tall, and the young folk get middle-aged, and the elderly become old—and none, except the children, are very conscious of the flight of Time and his proud boast, "Behold, I make all things new."

But just occasionally some unpremeditated sentence of one's own pulls one up, and brings it home to the foolish heart still enamoured of youth, that after all, quietly, gradually, imperceptibly, it has become antiquated, if not absolutely in the state described by physicians as *senile decay*. Thus, a day or two ago, I caught myself saying (and, what is worse, thinking): "England is going down hill; going to destruction like the Gadarene swine. You and I see the beginning of the end; our children will be in at the death." My friend looked sceptical and rather pitying, but did not argue the point. I came away conscience-stricken; my silly words had proved

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one thing and one thing only, that I had grown old ; that I was no longer among those who see visions ; that henceforth I should never be more than a dreamer of dreams—mostly bad.

For once let me tell my dream—my Masque of Anarchy. I have got Anarchy on the brain. Good or bad, I see it everywhere. It frightens me (because I am old). It seems to me like a great, huge, scarlet, spiritual motor bus, advancing inexorably towards me, coming very fast, swaying and rattling and crashing along, making horrid hootings and horrid smells ; and I know, I *know*, I am no longer nimble enough to jump out of its way, still less to leap inside and become part and parcel of its triumphant progress !

In theory Socialism and Anarchy are opposites ; but extremes have a way of meeting ; and while many people, Churchmen, spinsters, demagogues, are crying with enthusiasm, “ Oh yes ! thank Heaven, we are Socialists now ! ” I—old I—feel on the contrary that in practice we are fast becoming Anarchists ; not yet of the bomb-throwing, king-murdering persuasion, but who knows if that mayn’t come next ? In my own sex, anyhow, I recognise premonitory symptoms.

II

The Middle Ages were good old days of picturesque garments and Gothic cathedrals, and all through Europe a supposed Theocracy. Holy Mother Church ruled, and her children weren’t allowed to have opinions. Any persons hinting at such treasonable possessions were promptly suppressed, like the guinea-pig, or clapped into prison and set fire to. Naturally only exceptional

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persons persevered in trying to think. At last, however, rose a religious man named Luther, and a number of other men, more or less irreligious, who were no less influential, though Luther got much of their credit. And these men thought and said and insisted that everybody had a right to his own opinion, and from that day forward must industriously do his own thinking, no matter whether equipped with a thinking apparatus or not.

"Well," said the Church, "the result of that will be you'll all stray into the broad road which leads direct to the door of the inferno."

But no one really believed this; and the humanists and the reformers and presently the common people all began to think. And by their thinking they brought in the modern world.

"All very fine," said the Churchmen (especially the old ones), "but hell is enlarging her borders; and in this world which you prize so highly free thought ends in Anarchy."

The young folk laughed and thought on; and I grant you, for so large a population (chiefly fools) they thought very well, and made a great many improvements here, there, and everywhere. And if ever they realised that they were treading the broad road to Anarchy, they were firmly persuaded that their hurrying feet would stop well short of the precipice. They reformed religion; established the grand new Protestantism with which for a long time they were well content. The axe smells long of the sandal-tree it has hewn down; and there was so much scent of religion left, that for a long time no one, whether Romanist or Protestant, asked whether Religion herself had not been stricken to her death. Each

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generation applied the pruning axe of its free thought to one more dogma, one more pious custom, and the lopped-off branches were thrown on the ground and presently withered away. Sects arose by the hundred, for, as the dogmas and pious customs grew fewer, each thinker at the point where he stayed his axe clung to the branches he had left with all the more tenacity and affection. The smell of sandalwood is sweet; some find intoxication in even a whiff of it.

Nowadays, some four or five centuries since private thinking began, the dogmas and the pious customs—one will soon want a microscope to find them! even in England, religious England!

There are, of course, many earnestly religious people left; but I don't think at all so many as there were. And the boys and girls are no longer brought up on the Bible, which is a loss, if only from a literary point of view. The young folk don't recognise quotations from Isaiah or the Kings. They don't even know the stories. If you talk of Gideon's fleece, they ask innocently:

“Don't you mean Jason's?”

Someone said to me lately: “I notice servants have left off going to church, or even to chapel.” And already we talk of secularising the schools. The children are to be provided with religion at home by their parents. Fine confused feeding it is likely to be!

Did not Dr Johnson, who had the knack of hitting nails on their heads, discuss the question whether it would be possible deliberately to change the religion of a nation? I think he would have

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seen no miracle in taking away the religion of a whole people, not perhaps in one generation, but in two or three. Early familiarity, early habit, counts for so much—the smell of the sandalwood—smelt before one is ten! In after years it comes back to one; only a scent; perhaps not so important as the axe; but penetrating, reviving, sweet—the world will be the poorer without it. Truly the Church was wise (as a serpent) when she said: “Resist this Luther. Without a shepherd the sheep will be scattered. Free thought is Anarchy; and Anarchy, for fools, is death.”

The scent of the sandalwood has hung longer perhaps about our morals than about our religion. But it seems getting fainter now. We began by questioning the existence of Moses, and now we deny the authority of his Ten Commandments. “Oh, foolish old superstitions!” we say quite openly, “temporary by-laws! Who thinks twice about them?”

The Commandment as to the Sabbath went first—I mean, deliberately; it had long ago tumbled into practical desuetude along with its fellows about swearing and coveting. Next we began to apologise for and to express sympathy with idolaters and heretics, aiming poisoned arrows at the first Commandment and the second. Nowadays stealing is justified, especially when done by public bodies; and killing is clearly no murder, or it wouldn’t be so easy to get up petitions in favour of homicides; or to set theatres ablaze and pull jockeys to the ground along with their innocent horses. But it’s the Commandments dealing with family life—the

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fifth and the seventh—which are really in the melting pot.

“Yea, hath God said?” we ask, having forgotten the Commandments—broken, of course, all down the ages, but by people who always knew the law was there, and with more or less sincerity acknowledged themselves to be sinners. Now the Commandments have ceased to be laws; they are just waste paper, convenient for making notes on, no more.

Till these days we have lived in a patriarchal state of society. The man has been the acknowledged head and ruler of the family and the home. But to-day in some families the children rule; in others the women, notably the young women. In many, however, the patriarchal state has, to my thinking, been succeeded simply by the Anarchical.

The old plan was that the patriarch laboured (or inherited) for his children; fed, taught, clothed, and housed them gratis, the sons in their boyhood, the daughters often far into middle life. There was really only one condition—that the sons, and especially the daughters, should comport themselves virtuously. In practice there were often deviations from the theory, and hardships no doubt resulted in individual cases. Some fathers became tyrannical (kings have, of course, temptations that way). But the tyranny was, I think, more often exercised in little than in great matters. Dear me! when I remember the armies of fathers toiling twelve hours a day, in offices and laboratories, in ships, and mines, and deserts, and ice fields, among wild animals and savage men—principally that they may get money

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"to bring up the children"—it seems churlish to concentrate attention on ill-temper at breakfast, or despotic rules as to what the girls may spend, and whom they may walk out with!

However, it is decided that fathers are usurpers and tyrants, and the daughters are refusing to stay in the homes provided for them. They brandish fists in their parents' faces, clamouring for the portion of goods that falleth to them, and the instantaneous permission to go. If a prompting of common gratitude comes to the prodigal daughter, she at once quenches the spirit and says:

"What this old couple has done for me is ended and forgotten now I am as old as they!"

And again:

"I have a right to their money, because unasked they brought me into the world; and no duties are attached to that right beyond the duty of just living."

There is a certain superficial logic about this, and if it fails to persuade the father the girl cries out that men have no reasoning power. If he is still obdurate, his purse strings unrelaxed, she has threats ready to end the argument.

"Think of 'Fanny's First Play,' and the steps that girl took to constrain her parents! You had better let me go quietly. I will support myself. I will do typewriting at fifteen shillings a week. I will live upon buns, and share a room in a tenement with my dear friends Eileen and Phyllis. Work is nobler than playing tennis at home or returning calls on inane people with mother!"

The poor child! She doesn't in her heart think so highly of typewriting. What she

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means is that she wants independence, and to get it she will sacrifice tennis and dancing and ball frocks, and even that precious boon, leisure. The father knows his girl capable of carrying out her threats. He surmises that her health may suffer from the diet of buns, and that in a year or two she will return a peevish and expensive invalid. He has visions of the vulgar society she will drift into, for her means will confine her to Bohemia, and though many Bohemians are well born, all are not well bred. He has blacker visions of impossible lovers, penniless husbands, elopements—nay, seductions, and swift descents into the darker deeps.

“Horrible!” cries the girl; “shall a woman not be trusted save under lock and key?”

To be plain, the father does not trust her. She seems to him in a state of Anarchy. If she has principles, they are not principles which he recognises as sound, and in any case they are untried. Good instincts she probably has; but with his wider knowledge of life he knows, what she refuses even to consider, that in this artificial age instincts are easily perverted, easily overruled, easily reasoned away by sophists. What chance have a girl’s instincts against, for instance, Mr Bernard Shaw, who industriously spends his life making the worst appear the better reason? Or there is Ibsen—rather out of date, but the apprehensive father has probably only just heard of him—who points out that whatever you do it will turn out badly, and so persuades you to gather your rosebuds while you may—to eat and drink and “have a good time,” since to-morrow you are bound to die. No, the father does not trust his daughter. Probably he compromises, bribing her

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to give up the typewriting and the buns by paying for her to become a painter or a nurse, among people whom at least he knows something about.

So much for the fifth Commandment; hard upon it comes the seventh.

I say seriously and sadly that the virtue of women is being taken down from its throne. Virtue in girl or wife is no longer considered indispensable, and its inviolability the *sine qua non* of at least private life. For to-day the most widely read novels, the most frequented plays—I speak only of fiction, but straws are useful to show the flowing of a stream—harp constantly on one note, on the pathos, the beauty, the justification of the woman who has gone wrong.

Sometimes she is the victim of circumstance; it is explained elaborately that she couldn't help it, and, indeed, poor girl, I admit this may have been the case. But if a man has his legs chopped off in a railway accident, he also is the victim of circumstance, and I pity him with all my heart; but I don't go about preaching that he isn't disfigured, and can walk more actively than before and better than other folk! The case is worse still when the heroine is not the victim of circumstance, but achieves her fall not without difficulty and apparently for no particular reason. Devoured by a passion of love, she would be comprehensible, have even a certain nobility. But the modern heroine is seldom devoured by Sappho-like passion. Love is by no means her whole existence. She cares for a hundred other things, for votes, sanitation, philanthropy, aeroplanes. She is not blind with love; but she

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is inquisitive, greedy of experience. Like that young woman of Hindle, she has her three days' fancy for the young man, as the young man has his three days' fancy for her. She envies the young man his liberty. It may be she envies him his vices. If her great-grand-aunt also had her envy, she was ashamed and hid it. But the modern heroine proclaims it aloud ; and if she can she manages to act upon it. Afterwards she has a certain regret, but chiefly, I think, when she is inconvenienced ; in her heart she feels the better, the stronger, the *purer* for what she has done.

This heroine, having begun as a prodigal daughter, has very probably been married young, over-persuaded to the rich man chosen by her mother (mistakenly, I dare say), or lightly enamoured of some attractive Bohemian found by herself. In her state of Anarchy, the marriage bond, like everything else, has become a subject of question. Authority of a husband ? But that's the old patriarchal idea again ! She has tested the strength of the unspoken covenant with her parents, now she will test the more formal covenant of marriage. Her husband proves inferior or she has a fit of impatience. Goethe has explained that a state of despair is generally a fit of impatience. Perhaps she has merely a whim. Anyhow, she is off !

I read a book the other day about a woman named Jacklin (in this book the very names were anarchical). She really loved her husband, but he was inconstant, and she felt herself vastly his superior. So she arranged a divorce and went off with another man, with whom apparently she was barely acquainted. He also was

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inconstant, so, having another fit of impatience, she returned to the first spouse, taking the other man's child with her. There is no reason to suppose that either of the precious pair was the least more faithfully disposed than at first; but we are given to understand that now the marriage had become real, and pure, and creditable, and the dear knows what!

Perhaps the book is not very well written, and under the pen of a more dramatic writer might have seemed more plausible; but its essence is surely Anarchy.

"I refuse to be bound!" says the wife of the period; "even if I have bound myself, I still won't be bound. I will break promises, be false to trusts. I refuse even to examine moral obligations! I must live my own life. I repudiate everything but my own development, which is the new anarchical name with which I have dignified the pursuit of my own pleasure."

III

After these solemnities it seems anti-climax to talk of the new music with its "suggestion" of courage, or avarice, or men going uphill, the visit of the godmother, uncle seeing baby in the bath, and suchlike unpromising themes. Or the new painting, the post-impressionists, the cubists, the futurists, with their men like animals (or Dutch dolls), their animals like nightmares, their angles and alphabets inside a man's head, their faces of emerald-green, trees of Reckitt's blue, their horrible Bismarck brown. One and all, these painters and musicians seem to have forgotten Mazzini's excellent aphorism:

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"In the mixing up of things is the Great Bad."

I ask in what sense are these productions pictures? Diagrams, hieroglyphics they may be; but why are they called *pictures*? If music is intellectual and moral but not musical, if pictures are symbolic and anagogical but not pictorial, well, it suggests Anarchy to me; a refusal to be bound not only by outside tyranny, but by the essential and innate laws of the very business in hand, by the spiritual unity which perhaps you made yourself, but without which your object has no existence.

Not only among the playboys of art is there lapse into Anarchy; in public affairs we find an increasing inclination to play games without minding the rules. I am not referring to the politicians, for it is not always clear to me what game they are playing, still less what are their rules. I speak of the lower mortals, those who are governed, for whom the laws of the land are made. The rules of the government game are that we depute our representatives, chosen by various sifting processes, to govern us; and once having set them in the seats of authority, we don't personally interfere with them, but let them impose laws which we undertake simply to obey. But nowadays, personally, we want to interfere.

We dog the steps of ministers, interrupt their speeches, bid them discuss this or give priority to that, are only by superhuman vigilance prevented from bursting into the Houses of Parliament and usurping the members' right to make orations.

And among men and women alike is another

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spirit hostile to fair play. It considers that individuals are to obey only those laws which individually they approve. Smith won't have his baby vaccinated; Jones won't send Tommy to school; Robinson won't pay income tax; Mrs Jones-Robinson-Smith smuggles, and refuses to lick stamps for her half-dozen servants.

Well, of course, there does in some cases come a point when the game itself proves so irksome that one gives it up and starts another. That is Revolution, and in the last resort is a sacred duty. But these passive resisters, these little, opinionated, turbulent folk, who are discontented as to some one point, and think they understand so much better than the responsible men who have studied it, these little people don't want a revolution. They don't want to give up the game. They only wish to break the rules, to play for their own personal advantage, to tie the hands of their deputies, just as a stupid mistress ties the hands of the cook she has bidden make a pudding, by herself overhauling the ingredients and altering the heat of the oven. In a free country is this liberty, or is it chaos coming again —Anarchy?

I suppose I really have grown old, thus seeing Anarchy everywhere. I repeat Tennyson's lines to myself daily:

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.”

But it's no good. I am still apprehensive. One more example and I have done. Anarchy has crept into education. It begins, if not in the cradle, at least in the *crèche*! I have expected

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this. Long ago it occurred to me that most of the arguments in support of the extension of the franchise to the dregs of the population could equally be advanced in favour of bestowing it on boys and girls. Are they not human? Are they not citizens? Have they not rights, grievances? Why should they be the only class unrepresented? Why should they be taxed, and not allowed (once they can talk) to express their views on expenditure? I have been expecting the children to organise passive, or more probably active resistances to their many oppressions. Breaking windows in the cause of liberty will, I am sure, be a task most congenial to them.

Well, the other day I read of a messenger boys' strike, and a little earlier of infants in a body who refused to attend school. And now here comes Signora Dottoressa Montessori telling us in no uncertain tones that she is going to reform education all over the world, from *the children's point of view*.

It seems, according to this wise and successful lady, that from time immemorial we have been making slaves of our little people, tyrannising over them, depriving them of self-assertion and self-reliance, forbidding them to grow. In the new system the scholars are to lead and the teacher—I beg pardon, the *director*, but it's a misnomer—is to follow; to be as passive as possible, to observe, occasionally very delicately to hint. He (or she) must not punish, must not find fault, must not correct, must not even explain. He may say, "This is red, that is blue," but whatsoever more in comment or illustration cometh of evil. To be so simple, so

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laconic, is admittedly hard upon the director; for he is essentially scientific, and his natural propensities incline him to verbiage and the longest and abstrusest words, such as pedagogical anthropology, orthoprenic psychiatry, blaesitas and lambdacism. The child, in short words or long, may chatter as it will, may sit where it pleases, may run round the garden when the whim takes it. However, it must be hindered from disturbing the others; this is the unpardonable sin, and must be treated with the greatest severity—namely, the offender must be seen by the doctor, then put in an arm-chair in a retired corner (no advice is offered as to how he shall be induced to stay there), given his favourite toys, and specially noticed and petted and coaxed, till he becomes of his own accord perfectly amenable, and in fact less troublesome than any of his companions.

Result of this hot-house forcing, the children educate themselves. At six years old they bath and dress their own bodies; they sweep rooms and wait at table; they add up sums; they distinguish between a square and a circle, an oval and an ellipse; they write letters, read books, are courteous and graceful, calm, cheerful and busy; and, marvel of marvels, they are obedient, for “obedience occurs as a natural tendency in older children.”

It is admirable; but I want to know if the system is adapted to all children, or only to good ones?—for I have noted a by-law, that “incorrigibles shall be dismissed.” At any rate, the babes described don’t seem at all like the babes I know. Dr Montessori says her little ones put things in their places, are conscience-stricken

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if they upset chairs, enjoy washing. Good heavens!

A story is told of an injudicious nurse, seen on the Pincio in charge of a smiling babe eighteen months old who was shovelling sand into a pail. It was time to go home; the nurse "exhorted" the baby, but he continued to shovel. Then, kindly but rapidly, she filled the pail herself, set pail and baby in the perambulator, and wheeled it away. Great wrath on the part of the baby, loud cries, and expression on his erst smiling countenance of protest against violence and injustice.

I ask, what should this nurse have done? Was it for Mr Baby to fix the time for going home?

Seriously, in all this new system I question whether unwilling children ever really gain the power of doing something they don't want to do, of learning something they don't want to learn. The power can be gained: for instance, I mastered the scales: with pain and grief, I admit; but their early conquest, quite apart from its benefit to my future playing, became an object lesson to me for all my life.

If the children don't learn to do things they don't want to do—and incidentally to submit themselves to their betters—what will their subsequent lives be? The good, the intelligent ones will no doubt grow up reasonable and disciplined, though I should expect even these to be "soft." But what about the children who are naturally insubordinate, mischievous, dull, perverse, perhaps vicious? I think they will end, as they have begun—Anarchists.

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IV

But it occurs to me that probably Dr Montessori wishes to train up Anarchists. Anarchy, theoretically, is a perfect system. Like the children she describes in their class-room, the anarchist is to move through his world "intelligently and gracefully, committing no rude or unkind act, voluntarily busy, a law unto himself, owning no master, no superior, no law." It is the precise condition I should like to arrive at myself. But, alas! it presupposes the millennium, when wickedness shall have been abolished. Or else it presupposes slavery for incorrigibles, and I know not if ever they shall be few.

Having reached the Earthly Paradise, Virgil bestowed on Dante the symbolic crown and mitre, and sent him on his way, lord of himself. But ah, he had been through the world and hell and purgatory first; and, moreover, he was going into the waters of grey Lethe and thence straight into heaven—where there is no more curse; where the fearful are not, nor the unbelieving, nor the unjust, nor abominations, nor lies; but on all sides is the pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal; where the servants of the Lamb serve him, and so shall reign for ever and ever.

II

THE CURSE OF SENTIMENTALITY

BY RAYMOND BLAYTHWAYT

SURELY to all thinking people the gloomy outlook held by the Dean of St Paul's and Canon Scott Holland is amply justified by the extreme pitch which has been attained by the almost incredibly sloshy sentimentality of the present day. It requires no Cassandra, it demands no Solomon to realise that a nation so abandoned to the feeblest sentimentality as England is to-day is doomed sooner or later—and probably immeasurably sooner than later—to lose her place and power among the great nations of the world.

With the old, of course, one can do nothing, though in this case they are ones who are least infected by the hideous disease; all the future lies with youth, therefore it is to the youth of England that we must appeal; in their hands lies the final issue. Let us raise the raisable while we can. I will devote my space to a consideration mainly of the manner in which the modern lack of backbone, of principle, and of sound common-sense is affecting a large portion of the youth of the country in the immediate present, and of the whole British Empire in the not far distant future. And the question is one mainly for parental consideration. In nine cases out of ten the damage is done at home. The

The Curse of Sentimentality

weak, sentimental mother is, as any school-master in the land will tell you, and in any class of the community, mainly responsible for the undeniable degeneracy of the modern boy.

The manner in which discipline is ignored and punishment put on one side is resulting in a type of boy and young man that would have bowed down the heads of Cromwell and Nelson with shame and sorrow.

One always makes the usual brilliant exceptions, not only to save one's face, but also because it is manifestly fair and right to do so. But the fact remains that much of the youth of the present day is being ruined : and they themselves are rarely to blame. There is any amount of good material in the modern youth—more, indeed, I honestly believe, than ever there was in the old days. They are more accessible to reason, to humanity, to justice ; they are thoroughly amenable when in the right hands, but, alas ! that is just where the difference between the old and the new methods comes so startlingly into evidence. The youthful degeneracy of the day is mainly to be attributed to the unfortunately feeble parentage which characterises the twentieth century. And this is increasingly evident in all classes of the community and in all ranks of Society.

Twenty years ago it was only the parent in the lower middle classes, or the lower orders generally, who failed to realise the immense importance of real—and at times of extremely severe—discipline ; to-day that wilful ignorance, or that deliberate ignoring of discipline, is almost as universal amongst the upper classes as it has long been amongst the lower. Several instances

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of this have come within my own personal knowledge within the last two years. I will mention the two most disgraceful cases I have ever known.

A few months ago a boy of fourteen or fifteen, home for the holidays, asked his mother if he might have some champagne for luncheon. "No, darling," she replied, with the almost sickening exaggeration of affection so rife to-day—"no, darling, it isn't good for you in the middle of the day."

"You filthy swine!" was the immediate retort.

The mother flushed; the father said, feebly and weakly: "Oh, Harry, Harry, you oughtn't to talk like that."

I leaned across the table. "My boy," I said, "I should love to be your father just for five minutes."

The second instance occurred also within the last few weeks. A boy was arguing with a fine, white-haired old general officer. There was a sudden lull in the conversation, and the boy's voice—he was only thirteen—rang out clear and sharp: "You silly old fool!"

I know, of course, I shall be told these cases are impossible. I can only reply they actually occurred; and it is because they actually occurred that I relate them, painful and distressing though they be. Of course, they are extreme instances, but I can argue from them to the general. The whole rotten condition of things is owing to the sentimental objection to the enforcement of any form of discipline whatever.

You must rule solely by love and persuasion,

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say the sentimentalists. As if any boy worth calling a boy could ever be dealt with after so feeble and effeminate a fashion. A boy who never deserves or who cannot stand a good flogging now and then isn't a boy at all. And, so far from being a degradation, corporal punishment is one of the finest means of forming and stiffening character that we know, and partly because it is the most natural. In my day—that is, in the seventies—we were rather proud than otherwise of receiving a good flogging. It became a point of honour as to who could stand it most unflinchingly. The mother of to-day shrinks with horror at the bare idea of her pampered offspring being subjected to such hideous ignominy. And yet you will find that schoolmasters in every grade of school are almost unanimous in declaring that, to preserve proper discipline, corporal punishment is an absolute *sine quâ non*. A few years ago I went the round of the great public schools, only to find the headmasters of one opinion on the matter. Even the chief of the Ruskin Home School at Heacham, where in certain respects sentimentality, according to my point of view, at all events, runs riot—even he frankly and honestly declared that he was obliged to use the cane occasionally. “And,” he added, with a smile, “it does a healthy English boy good now and again.”

In the school founded by John Wesley at the end of the eighteenth century the children were not even allowed to play games. That was discipline run riot, but between the undeniable cruelties of that day and of the days of “Tom Brown” and the hideous, ridiculous, nay, absolutely criminal laxity of the present day

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there is surely a golden mean which can easily be arrived at. Evil is wrought by want of thought, and it is the extraordinary unwisdom of the present day which is bound to result in tragedy to the individual, the family, and the nation, rather than actual intentional wrong-doing.

And the pity of it is—as I have already said—that the material is so splendid. The children of to-day are almost perfect if only their parents would allow them to be so, if only they would make a point of encouraging and bringing out their good rather than their bad qualities. You have not to dig very far down before you come to the richest soil, however unpromising the top-most layer may be. Parents will not realise that their most important duty is the building up of the characters of their children.

Take, for instance, a Tube lift attendant or a young conductor on the Tube cars or in a motor omnibus. Talk to them but for a few minutes, and you will soon realise that the majority of them are whole gold. And yet our present system of indiscipline threatens to make them and their companions a curse to themselves and a source of danger to the community, and the same remark applies to the children of the upper classes.

As a matter of fact, the children of all ranks, but more especially the children of the lower classes, often possess the most delightful characters and personalities. And, given wise parents, they would be a source of strength to the nation—such as has not been known in the whole previous history of the world.

It is quite remarkable the manner in which a large portion of the nation—hating the mere idea of discipline—has set itself in the primrose path

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of pleasure instead of walking as of old in the thorny, rocky way of duty. It is the pleasure of the moment that appeals to the modern Englishman rather than the strenuous call to be up and doing for the country's highest and best welfare. Duty and discipline are at an absolute discount.

And what is most deplorable is, as I have said before, that we have substituted for England's once backbone of steel a backbone of putty. We are fast becoming soft, hysterical and sentimental. France grows less so every year; it is we who are now the nation of emotions. Our sentimentality is degenerating into a vulgarity of life which is a national disgrace.

And anyone who will form and carry on an Anti-Sentimental League will do his country one of the greatest services it is possible to imagine.

III

"EXPERIENCE TEACHES"

AN ACCOUNT OF A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN THE
TRAINING OF CHILDREN

BY A. MAYNARD

THESE notes are written in the hope that all who have to do with the education of children may most carefully consider what training is most likely to fit them for the battle of life, rather than what will ensure their present comfort.

In the last few years our Orphanages, Training Schools and State Homes for children have undergone great alterations. The excessive severity of former years has given place to the gentler methods of persuasion. Every effort is made to understand child nature, and every allowance given for hereditary weakness of character. The old method of control by force alone has been replaced by an almost sentimental dread of inflicting discomfort or pain. The report of Homes deal chiefly with the amount of outings, treats or pleasures the children have had, while there is little or no mention of character training. Even the guardians of the Borstal prison will tell you with pride that the food and accommodation of the prisoners is far superior to that of most Homes. Again, the poor feeble-minded children in the workhouses, unable to control themselves,

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are yet given a share in the control of their nurses, whose authority ought to be beyond dispute. Complaints are invited and punishments are banished, "because, you know, Nurse, the child is not responsible." Granted that the brain of a child of sixteen may be only equal to that of a child of two, but for that very reason the same punishment, administered properly, would be as effectual. To suggest corporal punishment, however, would be to send some of our lady guardians into hysterics, and not a few children trade on this knowledge, even taunting their nurses with the fact that they must not touch them.

Nature is a strict parent, yet we know she is but the handmaid of a just and loving God. She requires absolute obedience; she teaches her children to labour by hunger and thirst: "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." Is it not well for those who work in the name of Christ to compare our teachings with His? Are we training the children to endure hardships cheerfully, and to realise that pain and trouble are *blessings* if we will only learn the lessons they teach, for "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth"? On the contrary, are we not practically teaching them that suffering is wrong, and leaving them to believe that God is unjust, or that there can be no God if He allows suffering? That to suffer for someone else can be an honour and pleasure seems unthinkable for the rising generation. Do we ourselves really believe that "He that saveth his life shall lose it," when we seek only to make life easy for these little ones? We know the pleasure of giving, of success through much tribulation; shall they not learn it too?

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Here may I appeal to those who visit their protégés in private Homes and Institutions, not to ask the children if they are happy. Doubtless such an inquiry is meant in all sincerity for the child's good, but, to begin with, the question is useless! The spoilt and petted child will have many complaints; the harshly treated one will fear to complain because of what may happen after the visitor has left. Rather examine their bodies, and judge from their few or many interests if they are happy and being developed on right lines, and ask yourself: Is the training given *fitting* or *unfitting* them for the conditions of life which they will have to face eventually? Secondly, that question "Are you happy?" once put into the child's mind, may be repeated by him through life, "Am I happy?" . . . "Any complaints?" and the more often it is put, the more emphatic will be the answer to the first, "No!" and as to the complaints, "Many."

The following incidents illustrate the dangers which it is necessary to guard against in Institution training.

A child was removed from a widow in distressed circumstances, and placed by the guardians in one of their cottage Homes. Two years later, the woman was able to have her child back. The girl had grown very fat and lazy, and while the mother was out earning their living she ate the contents of the larder, and with complete indifference saw her mother go supperless to bed. This continued for some time, till the mother, distracted, had to lock up her own food. The child had come from the land of plenty, and had no sympathy with want.

Again, the children are often taught that

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"Honesty is the best policy," when in their case it may not have been. To take a typical case. In the summer of 1910 a mother and daughter were both convicted of obtaining money under false pretences. They were both out of work, and were remanded for a year and placed under the care of a Police Court missionary. The girl was sent to a small private Home, and perhaps for the first time in her life enjoyed unlimited food, outings at ladies' houses, with much less work than an ordinary servant would have to do. The mother, a lazy, thriftless woman, was placed through the P.C.M.'s efforts in a situation as cook at £1 a week. She stayed there a short time and then left. She was then placed in a Home and another place found for her, for fear of her stealing again, and so on. A glance through the probation officers' reports shows numerous instances of the indefatigable way in which place after place is found for these "ne'er-do-well's," who are only too glad to relinquish any effort they may have been compelled to make before; with the knowledge that their officer will see that they do not starve. Is it surprising that crime is on the increase, when we seek only to ameliorate the condition of the criminal?

Before the old incentive of fear is removed, let us be sure that an equally strong one is given, or the last state will be worse than the first. Do we not all know of the ever-increasing number of spoilt children, whose only law is that of desire; and by whom the kind of happiness which has been held up before them as the one goal to be sought after is never reached, because genuine pleasure declines to be divorced from honest labour?

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THE ORIGIN OF THE NEW METHOD.

The question is, How are we to obtain prompt obedience, good work, and self-denial without crushing the child's legitimate desire for the independent development of its tastes and character?

The answer to the problem has, I think, been found by submitting the children, while still under the care and guidance of their teachers or parents, to a course of experience which as nearly as possible corresponds to their future life. We have endeavoured to do this during the last year in the Home with which I am connected, and our efforts have been attended with marked success. This Home was first started over five years ago for girls who were unable to earn their own living, either on account of innate difficulties of character, or because of the effects of previous bad environment. The training given was upon the ordinarily accepted lines for such a Home. After some four years, however, it was felt that the results were not commensurate with the money and labour expended, and it was realised that this probably indicated some defect in the training given.

Even some of the so-called successes had only become successes when they were no longer protected from the lessons Mother Nature taught. Others, finding, *to their own destruction*, that some situations could be had without a character, gradually made less and less effort to work, till they ended in desiring an existence without any work ; and, unfortunately, we know that the door to such is always open to a young girl.

Again, one of the great disappointments that

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those in charge had to face was the failure of the *good girl*. Sent to the school from a bad home, to form new and good habits, she readily did so. One habit, however, she kept, and that was the habit of going the way of least resistance. From being the easily led child of bad companions, she became the equally easily led child of good influence, only to drop back again when the environment was changed. Habit is, indeed, second nature, but it is the habit of the mind that counts; and the habit of saying "No!" from a sense of duty, these children never learnt. Indeed, what opportunity of doing so had they had, protected as they were in every conceivable way from doing wrong. And this, alas! is the experience of practically all engaged in Institution training.

"It is liberty alone that fits man for liberty," and the liberty to choose the wrong way, we felt, must be given while the children were still under the care of those who, whilst allowing them to suffer the consequences of their fault to the full, would stand by as friends, giving them fresh hope, and pointing out the right path for the future.

The following incident finally clinched our resolve to make a change in our system:

In April 1910 a girl with a difficult temper and lazy temperament was placed as between-maid in what we knew to be a good situation. For a month all went well, then her laziness returned. She was often found novel-reading when she ought to have been working, and when spoken to was rude, till at last she had notice to leave. With her guardian's consent, she was not passed on to another situation with a false

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character, nor allowed to return to the school, as she wished to do, but she was boarded out, her former mistress promising to give the real reason for which she had left. Six weeks passed in this solitary condition. Several ladies interviewed her, but on receiving her character refused to engage her. At last one lady took her, knowing all. It was not an easy place, but the girl did her best, and it is now twenty months since she went there. After a year, her employers had to reduce their establishment, keeping only one instead of two servants; K. asked to remain as general servant, rather than, as she said, *risk being out again*. The girl's character has been made, and the habitual scowl of a spoilt child has given place to the confident smile of one who knows she has done her duty.

But surely it was in the Training School that these lessons ought to have been learnt? And yet in how few Homes would this treatment have been possible?

Perceiving this, we determined that our girls should in the future learn their own value while in the school; that they should, in short, *live according to the value of their work and character*.

The Home is conducted on the lines of an ordinary private house, such as the girls will probably enter on leaving. The whole of the housework, together with the making and mending of all the clothes, and some needlework for people outside the Home, is done by the girls themselves. They begin with the most elementary housework and rise gradually to more responsible duties.

A year ago, then, we introduced the *wage-earning system*, and now all the work is paid for in

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copper and nickel coins corresponding in value to English money ; and out of the money thus earned the girls pay for their food, maintenance and clothing. While providing everything that can be thought of for the girls' comfort and happiness, there is *nothing* for *nothing*, and no "Rights" other than those the children have *earned for themselves*.

As an instance of this, the story of "M." may be quoted. She was sent to us by the guardians, having been returned to them as incorrigible from one of their large Training Homes, a series of violent outbursts of temper being the chief cause of the trouble. For some months all went well, and M. began to have a considerable bank balance. One morning, however, she informed the others that no one should make her work this cold weather, and, fearing that she would be made to work, she left the house, not to return till late in the afternoon. She then inquired of one of the girls what her punishment would be, as, if necessary, she would run away. Great was her surprise to find that there was no punishment, that she was free to work or not as she wished, *but that she might not be able to secure her own work again when she wanted it*, as, of course, it had been given to other girls. However, she could not shake off the old impression that in some way she was fighting the authorities, and that to work was to give in. At the end of the first day her cash was used up, and she secured odd jobs from the other girls or the matron, sufficient to provide some food. Two days passed, spent chiefly in trying to get small jobs more or less unsuccessfully, as the other girls were loath to give up their earnings. No one had any sympathy with

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her behaviour : she was, in their opinion, merely a nuisance, and not, as before, a heroine who dared to defy the authorities. On the fourth day she broke down completely, and begged to be reinstated as parlour-maid. This, I explained to her, was impossible, as I was quite satisfied with the new maid, but I allowed her to draw from her bank account for extra food, promising her the next contract that was vacant. It was two months before she was able to earn as much as before, and she now says that nothing will induce her to go on strike again. She is a poorer but a wiser girl.

In connection with this incident, I should mention that sulking, which plays such a prominent part in large institutions, is entirely absent. Had we put "M." on a diet of beans and bread, she would have refused to eat it, and so have increased her ill-temper. As it was, she gave her 1d. for dinner to the girl who collects payments, and learned what she could buy with it ; for each 1d. realises so much dinner, as settled by the authorities. Again, another cause for sulking is the feeling of injustice, real or imaginary, which the children dare not openly express, and which therefore causes them to sulk. With our system the responsibility is on the shoulders of the children ; they keep their own books of work done, and present them for payment at fixed times, so that there can be no question of justice or injustice—the work is either done or it is not done, and they can see this for themselves. But even the effort of keeping her own book is too much for the machine-made child, who generally has to go without her money once or twice before she realises that unless she

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asks for it herself she will go without it, for no one will procure it for her.

When it was first explained to the girls that they were going to be allowed to earn their own living in the school, the news was hailed with delight by all but one girl. Most of them had visions of making money; gaining increase of liberty; buying things they wanted; all except L., a girl who made no secret of her aversion to work. She saw plainly that now she *must* work, or give up her much-cherished food! Her two chief characteristics had now to work in opposition to one another, with the result that there is scarcely a trace of either left. But this was not done in a day! The first two days we watched her struggle in vain to earn enough for supper; she had never applied herself to work; on the third day the matron gave her some assistance, and for the first time in her life L. knew what gratitude was; she had hitherto tried to believe it was spite, in some form, that had caused her troubles; she had always played the rôle of black sheep, and we had not succeeded in enticing her out of it. Needless to say, there had been much friction between the matron and a girl of that character. Now, instead of administering the punishment, the matron stands on the side of the girl as her friend, helping and encouraging her *to face the great law*, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." L. became a willing learner as she saw her work *in food value*, and she is, perhaps, one of the girls who have profited most by the system. Far from it being unfair on those whose power for work seems small, we have found it to be true that, as the Earl of Meath says, "*By struggling with tasks slightly beyond their*

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*capabilities, their mental and physical powers are strengthened, and 'grit' is given to their moral nature.”**

Again, this wage-earning system of training is not a competitive nor a spasmodic incentive. A prize may stimulate for a time, but appetite creates a daily desire for work. A great many punishments fall on the heads of children by reason of the fact that their teachers themselves get slack sometimes, and in putting things right the children get into trouble. With us, this is prevented by the fact that discipline is maintained by paying for good work, rather than by punishing for bad work. With the old system, if a girl could escape notice she could escape work. Now, however, her object is to get work, and those in charge need have no fear of the children idling.

The question may be raised, “What about the girl who, while very willing, is yet so slow that she can scarcely ever do more than pay for her board? Is it fair on her?”

The answer is that, as in real life, so here, not only work but *character* is paid for, and we have yet to find the girl who has no point in her character which can be turned to account. Girls who can be trusted can take out a contract for parlour work, and can pay others to help them by time; or a girl with a head for figures may keep the food or bank books, and collect payments; while another, who has method, will ask to take charge of the needlework, lending out, for a small deposit, thimbles, etc., to the careless who have lost theirs. Again, a good needle-woman can command more for her work than

* “Essays on Duty and Discipline,” Essay No. 20.

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others; thus there is scope for the clever, ambitious girl, as well as the greatest incentive to the girl of pauper tendencies.

In regard to the latter, it may be wondered if a girl of such a character would ever bestir herself to do more than earn her food, or, if she did, would she not spend it all on sweets? The power of example is great, as the following will show.

Of the hundred odd girls who have passed through the Home none came from a more neglected home than G. Her first letter home was a begging one; she had been brought up to beg. She was started here with the usual free board for a week, but she knew nothing of work, so she earned little and soon spent it all. On the following Saturday, however, it dawned on her that she would not have sufficient money for Monday's food, so although it was a half-holiday, she went to the matron and begged for some work! Thus did the pauper girl *learn the first lesson in looking forward*, a thing which she had never known her parents do. It was not long before she had bought and made a parcel of small things to send home, and she is now saving up for the much-coveted "Girl Guide" uniform (the only uniform that the school possesses, and one of the first incentives to save), and G. is now one of our most industrious and thrifty girls.

There are many other advantages of this wage-earning system, would space permit of their being mentioned. The girls learn the value of food and of clothes, so that their efforts are always directed to *making things last*, and thus the system is economical, for although a margin must be allowed for money earned over and above

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what is spent on food and necessaries, yet this does not amount to more than the money saved by care of the clothes worn.

A scale of payment for each portion of this housework has been arranged, and the girls' earnings for this and for the sewing or odd jobs which they do vary from 4s. to 6s. a week. Work by the time is paid for at the rate of 1d. per hour. In addition to this the girls can take out a contract for a special piece of work when trust is essential, and for this a higher rate is paid, as, for instance, for parlour work; or the keeping of a special room (such as a guest room) clean and tidy, etc. If at the end of the week the girl has failed to keep her part of the contract, she is only entitled to as much money as her work has been worth. Three and ninepence of the girls' weekly wages is spent on food; the rest is their own, to spend in cash or to put to their bank account. This latter is what is generally done, except when some article of clothing is required, for just as money easily got is easily spent, so their hard-earned savings are quite safe in their hands, and when the girls go to service their natural desire is to continue to add to it. Some of them have had over a £1 in the bank on leaving.

THE WAGE-EARNING SYSTEM IN FAMILY LIFE

I have endeavoured to show how this system forms an excellent preparation for a child's future, not only as a wage-earner, but also as a house-wife and mother.

But more than that: the same principles, modified in their application, offer, I believe, a

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solution to the many difficulties that arise *in training the modern child in ordinary family life*. It is an age of Freedom, and the children are not to be suppressed. Very well, then, let it be so. Let the child be free to make his own experiments ; but, in fairness to the child, *do not shelter him from the natural consequences of his mistakes*, otherwise how shall he learn ? Think out what will happen in his future life if this and that fault be indulged in, and make such consequences real to him in his home, while those who love him stand by to guide him through his lesson.

For instance, what is the result of leaving one's property in a public waiting-room ? It is taken by someone else, or if one succeeds in getting it back at all, it is not without loss of time and money. Bring this principle into the home. Toys or books left about disappear, and can only be redeemed at a loss of some sort, to be settled by the parent. . . . What, again, is the result of destroying things ? That one has them no longer. The other day two little boys paid a call on their aunt, and began jumping on her dining-room chairs. She showed them how they were spoiling them, to which they answered, "There are plenty more in the shops." She then told them she had no money to buy new ones and that when those were gone she would have to sit on the floor. This was quite a new idea to them, and they were greatly impressed, promising not to hurt them any more !

Always believe what children say. Take it for granted they are speaking the truth, and let them, when possible, take the consequences of their statements. One day a lady went out cycling with a little boy very much given to

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telling fibs, and as they were passing a certain field he told her he had just seen a skylark on her nest. On her expressing some surprise, he became very positive about it, so she let him take her back to the spot and kept him hunting for half-an-hour, declaring that they must be able to find it if he had just seen it. At last, tired out, he acknowledged that he had not seen it. Then she made a contract with him that if he would promise always to speak the truth to her, she would always believe him. This contract he never broke.

What should be the result of not getting up when called? Surely that there is no breakfast, or nothing but the last half of breakfast (*i.e.* no bacon or eggs). But a mother says, "I could not let my child go to school without food." The answer is that Nature will assert her own rights if no one interferes, and the child will soon know which to choose, a good hot breakfast with his parents, or a cold one in solitude (or none at all) for the sake of a few more minutes in bed. The other day a mother complained of the trouble she had every morning to get her children off to school in time, and when it was suggested that she should leave the children alone after calling them once, and let them take the consequences of being late, she said, "But you don't know how hard the teacher is on them." Now if the children preferred to be late, then the teacher was not hard enough on them; if, on the other hand, she was very severe, then the children would take care not to be late. As it was, the mother had prevented them from realising the consequences of being late, *with the result that they failed to learn one of the essential*

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lessons of life, besides which the mother was fagged out and the children daily "*nagged at*" in the effort to get them to school.

It is equally or even more important to notice and reward any success in the right direction, however small. "*To him that hath shall be given.*" To the child who saves his pocket-money, interest may be added; to the one who can be trusted, more liberty; attempts at taking care of possessions should be encouraged by giving more valuable things on the next occasion. But whatever the reward of punishment, *let it be a contract with the child that cannot be broken*, otherwise it will merely become a system of idle threats or bribery. It will often mean a far greater punishment to the mother than to the child, but the mother whose love is worthy of the name will bear it, and will be tenfold rewarded by watching the steady growth of order, self-control and punctuality, which she sees developing in her offspring.

It may be thought that this system of placing the child in an environment as nearly as possible similar to the conditions he will have to face hereafter, with the liberty to work out his own experience, leaves no room for prompt, unquestioning obedience to parental command. This is not so. *No system, however good, will be of any lasting value to the child who has not learned unquestioning obedience*, and there are times when it would not be fair to leave the child to experiment, and, though space does not permit of too many details or examples, it will readily be seen that occasions will occur when a direct, unexplained order is necessary.

For instance, we, as grown-ups, know how

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hard it is to brace ourselves to commence a disagreeable task, how any trivial thing will distract us while we are summoning up our courage to *begin*, yet we expect the children to settle to their home-lessons of their own accord, or to go off to bed at a given moment. Here it is that the help of a stronger will comes in. The child that has learned to begin his home-lessons, or to go to bed, at once, *because, and only because, mother said so*, is the child who is learning to subordinate his passions and desires to a higher will. And, one may well ask, how shall a child without such training be able in later years to obey the commands of God, whom he hath not seen, if he cannot now obey his parents whom he hath seen?

IV

EXTRACT FROM “A HOUSEMASTER’S LETTERS” *

ON our walk to-day, Heyman asked me what I thought of the type of man the public school of to-day is turning out, and I was rather nonplussed at the directness of the question. I parried it by saying that I imagined he could reply to it fairly accurately by telling me what he thought of the youngsters who joined the regiments as subalterns. This would not satisfy him. Those who joined the army, he said, were of a special class and had general attributes peculiar to themselves. I found, however, that he had been reading the papers—a most pernicious habit!—and the continued iteration of articles on “Caste and the Public Schools,” “The Modern Youth,” and many others had begun to affect him. Moreover, the atmosphere of strikes, of fear of invasion, of lack of confidence in ourselves, of downright sheer pessimism, in which the stay-at-home Britisher seems to live, worried him.

“England isn’t getting nervy, is she?” he asked with a rather perplexed frown. “I have been for so long a time away from home that I am hopelessly out of touch with modern conditions. In India we are not nervy, at least I do not think we are. We have not time to be, perhaps, but in

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any case when you obviously belong to the ruling class caste it is difficult not to have a certain confidence and belief in yourself. Highly regrettable, I don't doubt!"

"I wish we had more of it," I said.

"My Colonel was talking to me the other day," he continued, "about the youngsters who join the regiment now as compared to those of five and twenty years ago. He said that in many ways they were a much better set of fellows, equally good in physique, more intelligent, better grounded in their professional duties, but on the whole he thought they were a little slower at accepting responsibility. After a couple of years they were all right because we had drilled this all-important idea into them, but just at the beginning the difference was noticeable. Civil Service men and Indian merchants have told me the same thing. Is there anything in it, do you think?"

"There is everything in it," I replied very confidently. "I do not honestly think it applies so much to the public schools, though the boys there are affected by it to a certain extent, but I think it is obviously the case in the nation at large. Your experience has been mine. Quite recently a big builder in London told me that he had a couple of posts open in his firm worth about three hundred a year apiece. They were positions easy enough in themselves, requiring merely men who would be willing to undertake occasionally such responsibilities as the command of others, and the making decisions without first consulting their superiors. He hoped to give the posts to men in his own employ, men hitherto in subordinate positions and earning at the most three

Extract from “A Housemaster’s Letters”

pounds a week. He sought in vain, the answer being in each case the same. They shirked the responsibility. ‘We’d rather remain as we are,’ they one and all declared. Finally he was forced to go afield and import a Scotsman and a northerner who had no connection with his firm. ‘I can’t get the responsible type of man I formerly could,’ he concluded.”

“There are always underlings,” said Heyman. “Officers and men, leaders and led.”

“The difficulty comes to us too, though, as I have said, not so strongly,” I went on. “Boys are pliable creatures, but there is a great temptation to the schoolmaster to make things easy for them in a score of ways. Even in the short time since you left the school, a dozen or fifteen brief years, the place has been greatly altered. We have a fine new swimming bath now, a new gymnasium, additional fives and racquet courts, another block of up-to-date class-rooms, while the food at the school has been improved out of all knowledge. ‘Turning the place into a damned hydropathic,’ growled old Jarding at me the other day. He has been on the staff so long that he remembers all sorts of uncanny hardnesses which the boys then had to endure. . . . *And really I think that there is a fear lest the modern boy, public school or not, should be growing a little ‘softer’ than his predecessor.*”

Heyman nodded. “It’s this confounded luxury. I thank goodness I am out of most of it. It is enervating, unsatisfying, and does not even pay at its face-value. What are you all doing to allow it? Why doesn’t the common-sense of England revolt?”

“It is beginning to do so,” I answered, “and

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only just in time. It has been the fault of all of us. Of the parents first of all, the schoolmasters next, of the statesmen finally—though they do not so much matter. *We have not the courage of our convictions ; we give way to popular clamour.*

“*Take the case of the schools ; we have given in to the parents, in many cases foolishly and unnecessarily.* Fond mothers demand that their sons shall not be exposed to this and that hardship, and that they should have this and that comfort ; and in the fear that our numbers will go down and our prestige will suffer we give in to them and supply them with the luxuries they demand. I am not speaking of our own school, I am glad to say, so much as of others less securely founded. Of course, even as a theory, the whole business is arrant nonsense. When every school is doing the same thing, no one school is in any relatively better position than it was at the beginning. A headmaster of one of the smaller public schools writing to me a while ago said : ‘In the last seven years the governors here have spent twenty thousand pounds on new buildings and improvements. The number of boys has increased by two ! Ten thousand pounds a boy, my friend !’ *For every new luxury you give a boy, for every way in which you make his life easier and more comfortable, you have of necessity, unless he is going to lose grit and hardiness, to add something to his character to resist its enervating influence—and it is astonishingly hard to do.*”

“You are not pessimistic of our future, are you ?”

“Pessimistic ? I ? There never was a man less so. I am only pointing out the dangers of the present time. The Britisher is always facing

Extract from “A Housemaster’s Letters”

peril, and though I believe this is the most insidious danger he has yet had to face, since it affects his national character, he will meet it and overcome it. A score of agencies are working to that end, but the crusade needs to be enlarged a hundredfold until it touches every individual in the land. The last hundred years of material prosperity has done England as much harm as good. It has brought great wealth, great luxury, in its train, but it too frequently has not brought with it the sense of responsibility that ought necessarily to attach itself to the possession of such wealth.”

V

THE DECAY OF AUTHORITY*

BY HAROLD OWEN

THE SYMPTOMS OF THE DECAY

WHEN the nineteenth century was closing everything that seemed abnormal was excused, if not explained, by the comment: "Oh, it is *fin du siècle!*" But now we are not at the end of a century, and so another phrase is coined: "It is the spirit of the age." Well, what is the spirit of the age? If we are to judge by the most general indication of tendencies, the spirit of the age is the defiance of authority. Everybody is in revolt. Law and order are in contempt. Decorum is derided. Manners are dead. Self-control is abandoned.

Let us take a glance through the columns of a single newspaper of a single day. "Civil War Conditions Possible"—that startling headline refers to a big strike that looms over us, and for once the heading is not in advance of the text. Then: "Mr Keir Hardie's Attack on the King"—a brutal vulgarity, an unintelligent disrespect for a conscientious Sovereign. Next, a few comments from a London magistrate, inspired by the behaviour of some young woman (not "political

* Reprinted from *The Daily Graphic* by courtesy of the author.

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offenders" this time) committing violent assaults on other women: "This is only another illustration of what is happening day after day, where young women show a complete absence of anything like self-control, a complete contempt for law and order. The whole nature of the sex seems to be altered."

Next, just to connect these phenomena directly and plainly with the spirit of anarchy itself, we have a strange English sect whose creed is to obey no law of the land—a "spiritual brotherhood" which does not recognise the law, and whose members decline to give evidence at a police court. "I decline to help you in your dirty work," says one of the brotherhood, and the magistrate promptly gives him seven days. "I have not come here to help you with your dirty work," says another spiritual brother, slightly varying the formula, and he gets seven days; and as he leaves the court gives this spiritual admonition to the magistrate (though it seems poor satisfaction for seven days): "There are two ways open to you, either to repent or hang yourself!"

I turn the page to try to come across something a little more reassuring, and find the principal of a well-known school calmly contemplating, if not actually predicting, "the smash-up of civilisation"! And then I see a reference to the Herbert Spencer lecture just delivered at Oxford, wherein Professor Bateson bluntly says: "The present social order is too unstable to last much longer."

Well, perhaps we do, in truth, stand on the very verge of a great upheaval which shall separate the age in which we live from its successor as clearly as the edge of a precipice is

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separated from the abyss below. Perhaps it is true that we in 1912, though we be "in the foremost files of time," are living in the closing days of an era of which future but not distant generations will speak, as we speak, of the closed ages of the past. Perhaps we are about to witness, if not "red ruin," at any rate "the breaking up of laws," and to set the example to the world, not of restraint and ordered progress, as we have hitherto done, but of a blind plunge into a reconstructed society which may become a landmark in the history of the human race—though it be more likely to serve as a warning, rebuking the theories and the impatience of men, than to inaugurate an enduring era of social justice.

These things are possible, and I am no alarmist because I contemplate their possibility. Nobody can fail to see that some elements of social disintegration are present amongst us, and that our civilisation is becoming so top-heavy and ill-balanced that the social order may topple over. Besides, the human race has always within itself the potentiality of great crises engendered by its own passions, and though there has never yet been a revolution that changed the face of the world—the French Revolution did not do so much, though it changed the course of European history—there is no reason to suppose that the world is immune now from such a cataclysm.

On the contrary, if any age is prone to it more than another, it must be our own age, because it bears on its shoulders the accumulations of the past. There has never before been such an age as ours, with whole peoples stirring uneasily in their sleep—China republicanised in the twinkling

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of an eye ; the United States moving steadily, in the opinion of many observers, towards a vast revolution of heterogeneous varieties of people who have not yet blended into a national type ; the democracies of Europe becoming self-conscious, restless, and revolutionary. Finally, in the aggregation of millions of people in single vast communities such as the history of the world, obviously, has never before recorded ; in the increasing complexity of our civilisation, which places the whole community at the mercy of some particular section of the community ; and in the increasing unrest of the industrial workers, who greatly out-number all other classes put together in any community—in these most characteristic conditions of our age, unprecedented in their combination, we may see, without the exercise of any heated imagination, the most favourable circumstances yet possible for an upheaval of the existing social institutions of mankind.

The point, then—or at any rate the first profitable point—to consider is whether and how best we may guard against these potential dangers. For our own national life, as embodied in a social order adaptable and responsive to all forms of ordered progress, will last only as long as a sense of the value of a national social stability inspires us. There are unhappily, however, many indications that this sense is deserting us ; and if that sense becomes materially weakened, then the calamities I have spoken of are brought a stage nearer to possible realisation. Perhaps these later manifestations of unrest are the result of the August of 1911, when England was very near indeed to “civil war conditions,” and when

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even the schoolboys went out on strike—until they were birched into contrition and obedience by authority. But what accounted for the events of that August, and how was it that even in England, the land of “settled government,” the land to which the refugees from disorder and revolution in other lands have always fled, the land in which foreign potentates invest their money in preference to their own insecure “home securities”—how was it that even we in England became familiarised, in a week, with the whole idea of revolution?

I cannot say, nor even conjecture. But perhaps something must be put down to the fact that for six years certain members of an unenfranchised sex have been openly proclaiming their defiance of law, order, and government; and to the fact that even some of those members who do not physically defy the law nevertheless hold that a given political change, if asked for by any section of the population sufficiently insistent, must be conceded, and instantly conceded, and must not even be argued against, despite Government, or Parliament, or electorate. Perhaps this little “revolutionary” movement more than any other has spread the infection of revolt, and familiarised us with the idea of a contempt for authority. But whether this be a minor cause or only a major symptom, the revolt and contempt are plain enough.

Has something, one is driven to ask, suddenly snapped within us? Is the national character changing? Is the old traditional English respect for law and order undergoing a wholesale revision, becoming all tradition and ceasing to be fact? We have read of *émeutes* in France,

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disturbances in Germany, revolutions in Portugal, and strike riots in America, and we have always complacently said: "Ah, these foreigners!" and thanked Heaven we lived in England. But only a year ago, during that August of 1911, a little mob of "respectable people," living in little villas in Wales, joined a bigger mob of shop-looters and helped themselves, and went home with their loot, just as naturally as though they were going home with their marketing.

What is behind it all? I only ask, and cannot answer. But certainly the spell of law-abidingness seems to have broken, and authority is scorned in its seat. All these things may mean nothing, of course. But before every storm comes the first breath of wind, and perhaps all these things are the straws that should tell us whence the wind blows. Whether the storm is to follow the straws I do not know. All I know is that the straws are there; and it is the historians who are always able to tell us what they mean—after the event. And perhaps—after the event—we shall ourselves be wiser in a good many things than we are now.

Now, I have no heroic safeguard or positive prophylactic to suggest against a social upheaval. If it comes, then the greatest satisfaction that we, who would be in the turmoil, could get out of the turmoil would be that the historian might say that justice and necessity both demanded it. But it is at least equally certain that the historian might have to record that the clock of ordered progress had been put back, and that reaction, as is its wont, had followed on revolution. And so all those who distrust violent courses in social reconstruction, and whose hopes of a social

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regeneration are based upon rational and peaceful reform, can have no desire or interest in promoting those tendencies which may lead us off the path of ordered progress. The least we can do is to refuse to accept fatalistically that drift of events; and obviously the first and best way of averting such a possibility is to refrain from doing anything that would assist it. And nothing can assist it more, nothing is assisting it more, than the modern tendency to defy authority and to hold law and government in contempt. The first requisite, then, to the maintenance of social and national stability is that all proper and lawful authority should be upheld and never derided. But, lest we fall into the error of exalting Authority, as such, let us next consider something of the responsibility, as well as the power and privilege, that attaches to Authority.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF AUTHORITY

Abstractions are generally considered formidable and forbidding things, but it is little use talking about Duty and Discipline (in themselves formidable things) unless we are prepared to make some inquiry into the nature of Authority.

In the eternal see-saw between Liberty and Authority is seen the whole history of the progress of man. If no authority were ever defied, no liberty could ever be secured; but if all authority were defied, then man's whole progress would have to depend entirely on his self-discipline. But all beings are not capable of self-discipline; it is the last flower to flourish in the garden of all the virtues. And the virtues whose finest flower is a capacity for self-discipline

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cannot be inculcated without authority. And so, though renunciation of all external authority would be necessary to that final perfection of man which in itself (though it will never come) would make all external authority superfluous, such perfection could only be achieved by the long process of submission to authority. Where man keeps making his mistakes, therefore, is in his rebellions against rightful authority ; just as when he really enlarges his liberty is when he rebels against a wrongful authority.

It is, therefore, in man's capacity to distinguish between when it is necessary for him to accept discipline, and when his own capacity for doing without it both enables him and entitles him to rely on his own self-discipline, that the one and solitary hope for his true progress really lies. The modern tendency, therefore, to reject all authority, from that of the parent (or husband) to that of the State, is fundamentally and obviously bad, for it is based on the theory that all have nothing to learn from anyone, and that way chaos lies.

Now, authority that depends on nothing but itself is the wrong kind of authority—the very kind of authority that the spirit of liberty is always seeking to overthrow, and always will overthrow. And so it is not enough to say, "There is the authority—obey it!" unless the authority itself can justify its own existence. To be truly authoritative is to be superior; to be falsely so is merely to be tyrannical. Hence Authority may commit the converse mistake of that which men commit in a mistaken pursuit of liberty ; it may assert itself wrongfully through being unable to justify itself.

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For this reason we should be careful about preaching subordination to the subordinate ; and for this reason I refrain here from joining in the general chorus that preaches subordination to authority only to the poor. For the poor are already so subordinated to adversity that to preach nothing to them but submission to authority, and to do nothing to lighten their burdens, is like preaching the virtues of abstemiousness to people who only drink to drown their sorrows. And so even those of us who see the most uneasy symptom of our times in the decay of authority and the loosening of discipline must be on our guard lest we exalt authority for its own sake, and preach the licence of authority when we think we are denouncing the licence of liberty.

I have very little sympathy, therefore, with that kind of authority which is satisfied with its own establishment and preaches to others the duty it neglects itself. The rule of the rich, no doubt, will soon be over, but that is no reason why the rule of the best should not begin. All the advantages in the game are with the rich, even then ; for undoubtedly education and a certain ease of life are favourable to the cultivation of those attributes which most easily invest authority with power ; and poverty is favourable to subordination (up to a certain point), because people who constantly have to "bow to circumstances" become almost fatalistic in their acceptance of authority. And so I refrain here from addressing any homily to the poor on the virtues of subordination. The thing may be sincerely done, but it is always suspect, because, on the other hand, it may be merely unmitigated cant. A more profitable homily is one addressed to

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those in authority to justify their superiority before they preach submission.

It is undoubtedly an ominous development of our time that authority is being defied and derided by that class to which submission comes easiest; but I think an equally ominous sign is seen in our streets every day. The young man of wealth and leisure who sits at the wheel of his high-powered motor car with no ideal beyond the speed he can get out of her, smart but not cultured, taking advantage of science but learning nothing from knowledge, living on assured wealth but contributing nothing to any form of production, is a very disquieting portent of our age, because of the class he represents—a class decadent through its very advantages, useless through its leisure, superficial despite its education, selfish despite its good fortune, irresponsible despite its greater obligations. If this were the class that asserted its authority and preached subordination, the spirit of liberty would rightly overthrow it; for only that authority can ever survive against the restlessness and rebelliousness of man which is grounded on the imperative needs of his race.

There is one authority, however, which by its nature must remain unchallengeable, and that is the authority of the parent. And nowhere is responsibility more closely allied to authority than in the home. It will be interesting, therefore, next to consider that responsible authority, for even the briefest consideration will establish two conclusions. The first, that if parental discipline fulfilled its obligations the problem of general obedience to rightful authority would be solved, and half the internal troubles of the

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State would disappear; and the second, that if women, especially, discharged their duties adequately in the home they would be performing a service to the State far transcending any they could perform in a direct capacity, whether they take on the double burden or not.

THE CRADLE AND THE STATE

There is no pessimism concerning our national well-being so common as that which is based upon contemplating the idle, shiftless and loafing youth—half educated in the board schools and following no definite trade after leaving school—which has arisen, or increased, during the last twenty years. One of the many correctives suggested is universal military training: but before correctives are sought it is well to bear in mind that each shiftless youth of to-day attests somebody's parental neglect ten or fifteen years ago.

Men who are not yet middle-aged see in the rising generation many faults (of slackness, undutifulness, self-assertion combined with ignorance, and superficiality) from which they believe their own generation was freer; and if we to-day complain that habits of duty and a due regard for discipline are lacking in the general body, the reason may not altogether be because the age is a restless, challenging age, but because a generation badly brought up is now old enough to show us the penalty that a community pays by parental neglect, or even by a blunt perception on the part of parents of their power to influence the destiny of a State by the character of the generation they let loose upon the world.

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(Yet it is not surprising that there should be an imperfect appreciation among women of the extent of their influence upon the State, through the child, when so many thousands of them, in all classes, appreciate their functions so little that they hardly know how to cook a cabbage.) And so the first truth to be recognised is that if we take care of the child the citizens will be able to take care of themselves.

And yet we must not begin with the child, but go back a generation and begin with the parent, and particularly with the mother, who enjoys the unique power of being able to influence a nation twenty years before its citizens begin to control it.

It has latterly been the fashion to decry the Victorian woman—an easy thing to do, because, as she is practically extinct, she has nothing to say in her own defence. She has been pictured as a meek, artificial and poor-spirited creature, quite unfitted for the stress of life; and we have been asked to look on this picture and on that, and to say whether we prefer "a simpering bread-and-butter miss" or the stalwart, self-reliant, vigorous womanhood of this self-emancipating age. The choice, however, is not fairly represented by those two alternatives. I suppose most men now alive of middle age remember their grandmothers, and their recollection of the mid-Victorian woman ought to be that she was every bit as self-reliant as the modern woman, though she talked less about it; that she was possessed of a vigorous common-sense, even if she had fewer subtleties of intellect and temperament; that she was a remarkably good house-keeper and a strict yet kind mother; and that

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she was anything but the fool that domestic efficiency and solicitude are supposed to produce. Nor was she always physically the inferior of the modern woman, who is troubled with "nerves" a good deal more than her grandmother was troubled with hysterics.

She had the limitations of her generation, it is true—a generation that suffered a good deal to acquire that hideous "gentility" which was the accompaniment of the sudden rise of a large middle class. But the modern notion of her that represents her as "a hot-house plant" or an anaemic parasite, who seized every opportunity to cling to man or to faint, is merely a caricature of the woman who was the mother of a very creditable generation, and the grandmother of the fathers and mothers of to-day. Her domestic work was more arduous than that of the modern woman, and she had not the advantage of many labour-saving appliances in domestic work; nor had she the external distractions of pleasure and travel of which the modern woman so freely avails herself; and her children were not packed off to school as early or as systematically as the modern mother gets rid of hers. Yet, though the modern woman claims that "the liberation of her activities" should now leave her free to take up non-domestic functions, the effect of having more time to devote to her children is that she thinks it necessary to give less.

And the truth is that a comparison between the women of the two ages, so far from suggesting the inferiority of the mid-Victorian woman, positively prompts this inquiry: Whether the deficiency of self-reliance, patience, obedience and discipline that we are lamenting in the

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rising generation of to-day, when contrasted with the positive qualities to which we ourselves bear witness in an older generation, is not mainly to be accounted for by the difference between the derided mid-Victorian woman and the self-emancipating, self-sufficing woman of to-day? If the answer to that query is even a qualified affirmative, then it suggests another inquiry: Whether we shall not have to look mainly to our women reverting to the outlook on life that our grandmothers possessed if we are to look for an improvement in the general moral qualities of the coming race?

And so we may begin to consider whether women, after all, are not best serving the race and the State by serving it, not directly and consciously as political factors, but by impressing themselves indelibly on the race and the State in every son they turn out to become a good citizen. Nothing amazes the opponents of a certain modern creed more than to be told that they have a contemptuous estimate of the power and function of woman. For the power and function of woman defy any contemptuous estimate (indeed, their importance is the basis of all concern for any serious modification of her position) when we come to think that the mothers of all children born between now and, say, 1920, have it positively in their hands, more than any other influence, to decide what our race shall be like in the middle of the twentieth century. Theirs is an enormous responsibility, for the finest and most firmly justified Authority that can be exerted upon the human race sits at the cradle of all human virtues; and the child and the citizen, Home and the State, are all to be made or

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marred by Woman. She has little need to aspire to be called Citizen when she can determine what the citizen shall be long before the years of his citizenship begin ; but, in any case, whatever her aspirations may be, she can aspire to no higher responsibility and duty than to justify Authority from the very beginning.

VI

DUTY AND DISCIPLINE

BY ADMIRAL PENROSE FITZGERALD

HAVING been brought up from early boyhood under the strict discipline of the Royal Navy, I have had the opportunity of watching the effect upon character which discipline produces.

It would perhaps be too much to say that any and every character can be reformed by discipline, for there are undoubtedly some people who have been endowed with a double or even triple dose of original sin, and who may be incapable of reformation. These, however, are a very small minority of the boys and girls who are born in these islands in any given year, and it is probable that ninety-five per cent. of children in every walk of life could be turned into useful, honest, self-respecting citizens if judiciously handled and kept in order from their earliest childhood.

It is simply a question of the home control of infants and children, by persuasion, if possible, and if not, by force, from doing only what pleases them best at the moment.

Discipline cannot begin too early in the life of a child, though, on the other hand, I have seen (in the old days in the navy, before we brought up our own boys) the most unpromising material, in the shape of grown-up men, licked into shape in the course of a few months on

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board a man-of-war; and transformed from dirty, lazy, uncouth, ill-mannered ragamuffins into smart, well-dressed, active, willing seamen; a credit to themselves and to the ship they sailed in, and therefore to the nation.

It may not be necessary in civil life to enforce the very rigid discipline which the peculiar conditions and strenuous duties of a man-of-war demand; though I think it probable that every civil duty, from that of the head of a Government Department to that of a builder's hodman, will be more efficiently discharged the nearer it approaches to the discipline of either naval or military life.

To obey cheerfully, to do the will of another, your recognised leader, instead of your own will, and equally cheerfully and promptly to obey the inner voice of conscience, is the demand which, in the public interest, as well as our own, life makes upon us. At first it is difficult, and perhaps we kick against it; but after a time it becomes easy, and so much a matter of course as to be a second nature and a habit, and we never think of questioning an order, or disobeying our conscience. Why? Simply because it is our *duty*, and because we have been taught that to neglect or to shirk our duty is a heinous crime against ourselves, our fellow-creatures, and the State.

Thoughtful men cannot fail to realise the necessity for an increase of respect for lawful authority and belief in the *benefit* of discipline (*i.e.*, of that rule of justice and wisdom which results in self-discipline and self-control), throughout our national life at the present time, in the individual, in the home, and in the State. Let

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us but reinstate the love of duty, the love of justice, law, and order which have hitherto been our proudest national heritage, and we need not despair of the future of our children and of our race: but we must not allow ourselves to be deceived by accepting a false interpretation of the meaning of the word "freedom," for the truest freedom is free and willing obedience.

Heinous crimes and appalling follies are every day being committed in the sacred name of freedom. Our windows are broken, our letters destroyed, and our houses burnt in the name of freedom. Englishwomen forget their womanhood and disgrace their sex—all in the name of "freedom." So that one comes to wonder what the meaning of the word really is, and whether freedom and anarchy have now become so closely allied that nominally sane people are unable to distinguish between the two.

And what is the cause of all this trouble? Why does everybody think he has a right to do as he pleases? Why do some employers—for instance—neglect to consider the interests and happiness of their employees, and why do some workmen decline to obey the orders of overseers, disregard all agreements, and threaten to paralyse the whole community by going on strike, if their peremptory demands are not instantly complied with?

In my humble opinion the cause is the present education. False education—knowledge without discipline. The power to read pernicious and demoralising literature. The gaudy fruit of the tree of knowledge—hastily offered, eagerly snatched and greedily devoured.

The fruit of the tree of knowledge did not

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add to the happiness of our first parents: and whether or not we believe in the literal accuracy of the first chapter of Genesis, we must all admit its profound truth as the most impressive allegory ever written for the guidance of mankind.

Mere knowledge of good and evil (especially for young people), without guidance and without discipline, is like a ship without compass and without rudder, unmanageable, and almost certain to run upon the rocks.

VII

A VOICE OF WARNING

BY MEYRICK BOOTH, B.Sc., Ph.D.

(An Introduction to the Works of Dr F. W. Foerster)

"AT one time men worked for the glory of God—in the name of Christ ; for what are they working to-day ? What is the goal of this unceasing movement, this feverish activity, this reckless competition ? No one knows. We only know that it is not the glory of God, nor the glory of what is God-like in man. . . ."

With this bitter complaint, one of the youngest and most brilliant of German thinkers appeals to our busy civilisation—ever engaged in the process of "speeding up." He feels that we are restless of soul and devoid of satisfying purpose in the midst of all our astonishing material improvements.

Our motto is, "We do not know where we are going, but let us go there quickly." Will mankind be happy when everything that is now done at a certain rate comes to be done twice as fast ? Is it so very important, after all, that a tired and sceptical man in London should be conveyed at one hundred miles per hour to New York in order to be equally tired and sceptical there ?

The general British public, accustomed to regard Germany as the peculiar stronghold of materialism, has not yet realised that a powerful

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reaction has set in in that country, and is rapidly making materialism old-fashioned.

Among the leaders of this new movement, Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster, the author of the above quotation, occupies a unique position. Born in Berlin in 1869, he is a son of Professor W. Foerster, the well-known astronomer. He was brought up quite without religious influences. On completing his university course, he felt that his education had been too abstract, too academic, and that he was out of touch with real life; hence he threw himself with true German thoroughness into the study of social questions at first hand, not only on the Continent, but in England and America. His sympathies became strongly socialistic, and he even suffered imprisonment for the cause. But with experience and thought he came to the conclusion that the socialistic movement was deficient in moral and spiritual insight. He perceived that truly to uplift the people something more than a rearrangement of material conditions is needed, something more, too, than the rather vague humanitarianism of the socialist. A closer acquaintance with human nature soon opened Foerster's eyes to the fact that no Utopia, however skilfully organised, could save the human race without much inward development on the part of each individual. He realised the supreme importance of character. Turning his attention now more to the individual, Foerster took up the study of educational and ethical subjects (more especially of moral education), taught himself, visited schools in many countries, and attached himself to the International Union of Ethical Societies. But the more he occupied himself with the problem

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of character-building, the more he was driven to believe that it could not be solved without the aid of something more than a secular view of life ; as he has himself expressed it :

" In a man's struggle against himself for moral development, the higher are the aims he sets before him, the more impossible does victory become if he has only ethical imperatives to rely upon. Morality thus cries for religion out of the depths of its own necessity."

During the last few years Foerster has come to take up a very orthodox Christian position. His writings are peculiarly interesting, because they reveal the gradual process by which a man, educated, living and working in a non-religious environment, has been led, entirely by his own observation and studies, to *rediscover* the truths of Christianity. Very few books of a philosophical nature have ever been so successful as Dr Foerster's. *Jugendlehre* (published in 1905) is now in the thirty-seventh edition and has been translated into nearly every European language ; it deals with moral education and contains much matter of a philosophical nature in addition to its directly pedagogical side. His *Serualethik* has been received with enthusiasm by all who believe in Christian marriage ideals ; it presents a brilliant defence of Christian morality from the point of view of the psychologist and sociologist.*

The last (1910), and perhaps the most brilliant, book is called *Autorität und Freiheit*. I find it difficult to say what this book is about, because

* Other works are : *Schule u. Charakter* (to be published in English this autumn (1912) under the title "School and Character" ; pub. Sonnenschein), *Lebensführung* and *Christentum u. Klassenkampf*.

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there is hardly anything that it is not about : the problems of Authority and Freedom are religious, moral, political, psychological and educational at one and the same time. A very original and fundamentally important section is that in which it is shown that so-called freedom of thought is limiting and reactionary. Here, Foerster captures outright the heaviest artillery of the "moderns," and uses it to destroy their own fortress. Ten thousand copies of this work were sold within eight days of publication.

Foerster now lectures on various philosophical subjects at the University of Zurich. With quiet, forceful earnestness and an irresistible logical development of his subject, he fascinates crowded classes of men and women students by the illuminating manner in which he explains the fundamental problems of life. Old truths, grown monotonous by repetition, regain vitality in the unexpected new light which he throws upon them. Except to add that he combines German scholarship and comprehensiveness with something like English directness and common-sense, space forbids my saying anything more about the man. I must pass to his work.

A great motive power in Foerster's development has been his discontent with modern life. In all his books he severely criticises the civilisation of to-day. The last few generations have seen an immense, an altogether unparalleled, increase in the demands made upon the nervous resources of the individual. Consider the innumerable books and papers he reads, the theatres and lectures he goes to, the conversations he holds, the rapid and frequent journeys he takes, the ever-growing host of sights and sounds

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that beset him, the amount of semi-digested matter his mind is stuffed with from childhood upwards, and the increasing pace and complexity of his whole life. Have we double the nervous strength of our ancestors to compensate for all these new demands? As C. F. G. Masterman says in the "Condition of England":

"Modern civilisation in its most highly organised forms has elaborated a system to which the delicate fibre of mind and body is unable to respond."

One of the most natural results of this state of affairs is a spread of nervous diseases and a general decrease in robustness of mind and body. We become the victims of our own ingenuity when we neglect moral and spiritual forces.

This is made particularly clear by the fact that the most highly civilised nations (that is, in the materialistic sense of the word) are all in process of extinction, and are only kept going at all by the children from the poorest classes. Mr Whetham has shown that among the cultured classes of this country the birth-rate is not nearly high enough to keep their numbers even constant —Catholics forming, however, an exception.*

* It is not, I think, generally realised that the population of these islands is actually *decreasing* at the present moment (Aug. 1912), the loss by emigration being considerably greater than the natural increase. Since those who leave for the Colonies are often the youngest and most energetic citizens, and since the decline of the birth-rate is most marked precisely among the healthiest, wealthiest, and most intelligent people we possess, it will be seen that the situation is really very serious. Modern research, too, appears to indicate that the now popular idea that the lower birth-rate will produce healthier children is a complete delusion.

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Foerster especially directs our attention to the effect of modern life upon the moral and spiritual man. We see to-day a general dependence of the individual upon environment. The modern man is so continually marched along by a routine of outward cares and amusements that he has literally neither time nor strength to ask himself where he is going; nor, indeed, for concentration on any sort of inward life. We are reminded of Carlyle's saying with regard to the "progress" of his own day:

"If we examine well, it is the marching of that gouty patient, whom his doctors had clapt on a metal floor, artificially heated to the searing point, so that he was obliged to march, and did march with a vengeance—no-whither."

To change the simile, the ordinary worker of to-day—intellectual or manual—feels himself to be merely a cog in an immense and complicated machine which runs blindly on. The division of almost every kind of work into a large number of highly specialised activities has played a great part in this degradation of life to a mechanical level; the individual specialist has to occupy himself so entirely with some tiny branch of a subject that he is apt to lose all sense of his work having any connection with life as a whole. He is only too apt to become one-sided and de-humanised. This tendency, due in the first place to the narrowness of the actual field of work, is enormously accentuated by the absence from society of any universally accepted view of life, capable of providing a central meeting-ground for everybody. Each man is now able to sink into a narrow rut of his own in religion as well as in

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daily work. All work, even the most obscure drudgery, might become a different thing if it were done with the consciousness that it formed part of a great whole, that it had a purpose beyond the needs of the day.

But, says Foerster, let us not make the mistake of regarding these evils as inevitable. We have fallen into this way of life through errors that can be remedied. The improvements that have been made of recent years in the domain of technical science have placed the resources of the earth at the disposal of man, but this has come too soon; we have become possessed of vast material wealth before having reached a stage of moral development sufficiently advanced to enable us to make a proper use of it. During the last few centuries, moral progress has not kept pace with material progress. Just as a child would at first make a disastrous use of its opportunities if placed in charge of a confectioner's shop, so the civilised nations of to-day have found themselves suddenly in possession of tempting material resources with which they are rapidly reducing themselves to a state of satiety.

They do not control the wealth that they are in charge of—it controls them. Organisation of the outward and material things of life has been brought to a high pitch of perfection, and what is now necessary is an equally effective organisation of all the mental, moral and spiritual resources that can possibly be placed at the service of man—if the human spirit is not to be crushed and overwhelmed by outward interests and distinctions. The citadel of the inner man must be garrisoned. As Foerster puts it, we must see that we are governed from the centre and not from the

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periphery. If the nineteenth century was the century of technological progress, the twentieth must be the century of psychological progress, and the supreme task now lying before humanity is the subordination of the whole fabric of civilisation, in all its complexity, to the service of man's soul.

This brings us to the problems of morality and religion. How can a purposeful and inspired civilisation, such as we have conceived of, be in any way realised without a dominating view of life (*Weltanschauung*), with its ethical standards, to serve as central unifying principle? Speaking of Christianity, Foerster says:

"It simplifies all the involved problems of life by referring them back to a deep fundamental truth—the rebirth of the human spirit. It calls men back from all that is transitory and superficial to the central question which means life or death in all things. *It leads from the periphery to the centre*, and educates mankind to see everything and work at everything from the vantage-ground of a great central position. To find and maintain this central position is the whole salvation of man—and all social work is without foundation if it be not inspired and directed from thence."

The great difficulty to-day is that the Christian view of life no longer really directs civilisation; it is only accepted, even in theory, by a section of the community. The spiritual forces of to-day are paralysed by hopeless division, and this division is not only in the community; it exists also in the mind of the individual, and prevents him from being really whole-hearted in his religion (of whatever kind it is).

A craving for unity is more than a philosophical fad; it is one of the fundamental necessities of the ordinary healthy human mind.

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Professor Edward Caird* says :

" . . . All moral and spiritual life depends upon the harmony of the individual with himself and with the world. A divided life is a life of weakness and misery. . . . "

Again, speaking of the loss of a unifying view of life, he says :

" It has made knowledge a thing for specialists who have lost the sense of totality, the sense of the value of their particular studies in relation to the whole ; it has made action feeble and wayward by depriving men of the conviction that there is any great central aim to be achieved by it."

Professor Caird goes on to say exactly what Foerster also very strongly insists upon : that in the absence of a uniting creed men are bound to end by becoming absolute individualists—"and mere individualism is nothing but anarchy." At present, as Nietzsche saw so well, society is held together in spite of all its denial of faith, by the authority of the Christian moral and religious tradition. The Western civilisation of to-day might very well be compared to a steam-engine from which the steam has been largely cut off, but which still continues to run by reason of a heavy fly-wheel with which it is provided ; the majority of people have ceased to recognise Christianity, but they are still being driven forward by its momentum.

There are those who see in the increasing humanitarianism and tolerance of our time a growth in religious spirit which they would set against the decline of dogmatic belief. With

* "The Social Philosophy and Religion of Comte," 1893 ed., p. 152.

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regard to the increased tolerance, is not this the result of indifference? I am inclined to agree with Father Dolling that: "Religion has, so to speak, gone to pieces. There is no opposition. We do not care enough to oppose." There is only one test for tolerance—are people tolerant about the things that they think *matter*? Is tolerance shown to-day in money-making? In the Middle Ages, society would not tolerate people who did not believe dogmas; to-day, society will not tolerate people who have not made money. Then it was creeds that were considered important; now it is money that is considered important. The real truth is that the materialistic and intellectualistic civilisation of to-day has evolved a type of man who is psychologically incapable of profound religious faith; the whole course of his education and trend of his interest is such as to leave his emotional and spiritual nature undeveloped. Religion is a thing so remote from his life that he has no motive for intolerance. Again, the humanitarianism that is such a distinctive feature of our age is, in Foerster's opinion, derived ultimately chiefly from the very sources that its disciples often repudiate. The modern humanitarian says, in effect: "Never mind the definite beliefs of Christianity, they are antiquated; let us, however, keep its spirit of brotherhood." He does not stop to question how long brotherly love may be able to retain its power when isolated from that great faith which has so long been its nursery.

There is also quite another side to this topic. It is not desirable that any one virtue, however noble, should be exalted in itself; the social utility of any virtue depends upon its position in a right

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view of life as a whole. It is extremely dangerous to apply any isolated virtue to the remedying of social evils, unaccompanied by other complementary and corrective virtues. The humanitarian spirit alone, for example, is liable to deteriorate into mere "softness," countenancing anything rather than the infliction of suffering, and in this way may lead nations into the lowest depths of decadence. It has been well said that virtues running wild are worse than vices. They must be subordinated to central and governing principles if they are to be sane and useful.

It is Foerster's deep conviction that the whole of our modern civilisation is in real danger of falling into a state of complete disintegration and futile anarchy, owing to its inability to settle on a central unifying purpose to give meaning and direction to all its separate activities. We are in this respect in a much worse position than were the men of the Middle Ages. Humanity had then certain fixed ideals towards which it made steady progress, and workers in every sphere of life had a goal and inspiration. Carlyle truly says :

"Action in those old days was easy, was voluntary, for the divine work of human things lay acknowledged ; . . . loyalty still hallowed obedience and made rule noble ; there was still something to be loyal to. . . ." Then of his own day : "Heroic action is paralysed : for what worth now remains unquestionable ? . . ."

This last sentence certainly expresses the position of the majority of civilised mankind in the twentieth century. In connection with this saying of Carlyle's, let us consider for a moment the deplorable effect of this state of spiritual uncertainty in the educational world.

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Those large sections of society that have more or less completely rejected any definite religious basis for education, and are now rejoicing in their freedom, seem to have forgotten the enormous moral value of a definite belief and ethic, capable of inspiring the educational activity of whole nations. They are incredibly blind to the fact that no boy or young man is likely to make great efforts to rise to any moral standard at all unless under the deepest conviction of its validity. But the educational world of to-day is permeated by doubt. Very often the teachers themselves do not know where they stand, and, when they do, they differ from the parents. What kind of an effect is this going to have on the children? With the reduction of truth to a mere matter of personal opinion, it is bound, in thus becoming hypothetical, to lose all educational value. As Foerster says:

“Nobody is going to sacrifice himself for hypotheses.”

In this connection, too, Foerster lays great emphasis upon the immense harm resulting from the spoiling of children—which, in England, is a national evil of the first order.

What is going to take place among the tens of millions of civilised people who have given up following the lead of Christianity? Some go in one direction, some in another. Society is splitting up into numbers of separate circles, each more or less morbid about its own isolated interests; an unhealthy state due to the absence of a central view of life to assign values and give sanity and perspective. The very word health means *whole*—united. We see some people absorbed in a frantic and unbalanced devotion

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to sport ; others can think of nothing but piling sovereign upon sovereign ; numbers cultivate "art for art's sake," an art divorced from wisdom and strength ; bands of monomaniacs are absorbed solely in the cult of the erotic ; other fanatics are those who have some special recipe which alone can save society—Socialism, Vegetarianism, Christian Science, or whatever it may be ; and then there are the hosts of intellectualists, also extremists, men who have simply fallen victims to their own one-sided development. Modern civilisation is, in the absolutely literal sense of the phrase, "going to pieces." As society feels less and less restrained by the Christian tradition, what will come out of this extraordinary chaos, what new manners and customs will be developed ? Already in Germany and Austria well-known men, prominent in the academic world, are agitating for the re-introduction of polygamy ; highly educated and refined women all over Europe are advocating the "right to motherhood" of the unmarried woman ; the Swedish authoress, Ellen Key, a lady of undoubted ability and purity of intention, in works which have had a very large circulation on the Continent and have been translated into English, earnestly argues for "free marriage," husband and wife to be at liberty to re-marry at will or even to contract another sexual relationship without separation ! That so many of these so-called sexual reformers should base their suggestions on purely humanitarian grounds is a striking illustration of the danger of "virtues let loose" to which I have just referred. In Foerster's book dealing with the sex question, he goes to the real roots of the difficulties which here confront

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humanity. His position is, in brief, that the absence from such a large section of modern society of any really definite authoritative basis for morality is making its effects felt first in this sphere of life, because here at all times is the need for control the greatest. On p. 16 we read as follows:—

“It is precisely in this sphere of life that the principle of intellectual individualism, which has been described even by the freethinker Conte as the ‘disease of Western civilisation,’ will be perhaps most rapidly and impressively reduced to an absurdity. Here we are brought face to face with the fact that even pure and earnest people, when guided entirely by their own thought (never free from disturbing personal influences) and their own necessarily incomplete experience, fall victims to incredibly foolish, impracticable, short-sighted and materialistic notions. As this sort of thing increases, we shall be driven at last to a thorough ‘critique of individual reason.’”

From this extract it will be readily understood how it is that this work of Foerster’s, though called *Sexualethik*,* resolves itself to a large extent into a criticism of the fundamental ideas upon which the non-religious society of to-day rests. Foerster considers the sex question in its relationship to the whole of life and to the question of morality in general. He sees that it cannot be looked at as a thing apart. It is more closely related than almost any other question to the ultimate purpose of life as a whole. Much of this book might have been written as a commentary on the following statement of Professor Edward Caird :—

“For, as the real problem of our intellectual life is how to rise to a judgment that is more than private judgment, so the

* This work has now been translated into English, and has appeared under the title of “Marriage and the Sex Problem” (pub. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.).

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real problem of our practical life is how to realise a liberty that is more than individual licence."

With regard to the intellectual problem, Foerster vigorously attacks the chief idea of the educated classes of to-day—namely, the idea that it is in some way "progressive" for each individual to hold his own merely individual opinions, even about the most fundamental questions. This school of thought is oblivious of the fact that the very nature of systematic thought is to be *universal*. Unless it is universal it is of no use. Its function is to unite, to lead people upward and onward to the recognition of truth; in fact, to educate. Suppose, for example, that there are three savages disputing about what 4×4 is. One says it is 14, another 17, and the third 13. None of the three knows enough arithmetic to be able to prove whether he is right or not, and each maintains his opinion against the others. But a white man comes along and demonstrates to them, by means of pebbles; that $4 \times 4 = 16$. All three now find themselves in agreement. Their individual opinions have been surrendered to a higher truth. They have progressed. To a certain extent this illustration from the arithmetical world is applicable in the moral world. There are definite moral truths, the discovery and general recognition of which has united and advanced humanity. The labours of the saints and philosophers have not been less profitable than those of scientists or engineers. To go back at this time of day to a chaos of individual opinion is pure retrogression. We might just as well decide to do without mathematics or to make wheels illegal. The only

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possible logical result of mere individualism in opinions, untempered by respect for tradition, is that each generation should start anew with all the problems of life, and make over again all the mistakes of the past. As Professor Caird says, we must "rise to a judgment that is more than private judgment."

Closely connected with the second portion of Professor Caird's statement, above referred to, is Foerster's criticism of the modern idea of freedom. In the history of the British Isles, the desire for freedom has always been accompanied by a tacit understanding that such freedom was subject to the general authority of the Christian ethic as the accepted standard of right and wrong. Strictly speaking, there never has been any demand for freedom in this country. The English people, and even more the Irish people, have for centuries been so accustomed to a definite standard of right and wrong that it has never occurred to them to ask for ethical freedom.

But we are now drifting with tremendous rapidity into a most dangerous position-- or absence of position. The majority of those who now cry for freedom have little or no respect for Christian tradition, and many of them do not seem to occupy any definite ethical or religious position at all.

Their demand is something quite vague. There is much talk of "self-development" and of the "casting off of forms and dogmas," and an idea prevails in the literature of this school of thought that all a person has to do in order to "develop" is simply to throw off all restraint of custom and other authority and leap at a bound into "freedom." It does not appear to be realised that freedom

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alone is no goal at all ; it is simply the negation of restraint, and like all other negatives has in itself no meaning, no content. A demand for unlimited freedom lapses into utter vagueness.

There can be no doubt that this new generation has to a large extent lost sight of the fact that freedom, in the true sense of the word—that is, freedom of the soul—is only possible through obedience, and this explains the large following obtained by the apostles of spurious freedom. As Foerster says :

“Willing obedience to all that holds humanity together is always an indication that a man is fit for the highest freedom : he does not seek freedom in outward things, but in inward ; he wishes to be free by rising above the narrow limitations of his merely personal desires, needs and experiences ; the real problem of freedom is, ‘How shall I be free from myself?’”

The fundamental mistake made by the modern agitators for freedom, is to regard all forms as tyrannical, all obedience as slavery. If they were logical, they would see that even ordinary every-day honesty involves obedience and self-surrender. A man who speaks the truth is very far from being free—except in the higher sense ; he is obviously bound at every moment to recognise and obey a rigid and entirely external authority (namely, the *facts* of the matter to which he is referring). The crowds of people who to-day attack all objective ethical standards as being cramping to the individual, and who advocate the freedom of a purely personal ethic, are unwittingly undermining the foundations even of common honesty. It would be only a trifling step further to say : “Why should I be confined and limited by the truth; why shouldn’t I be free to say what I like ?”

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A moment's reflection will show that there can be no sort of consistent and reliable action of any kind without limitation of individual freedom. To cry out for freedom is pure folly unless that freedom is to be defined and limited by reference to a definite ethical standard. The whole trouble to-day is that we are losing sight of our standards.

It may be of interest to regard this question for a moment from a psychological point of view. To give adherence to a definite standard of right and wrong that is felt to have the sanction of an authority higher than personal opinion, brings with it a freedom of mind and a perfect sense of rest and confidence, which has a health-giving effect upon soul and body, the opposite of that produced by the worry and perpetual self-examination which goes on in the mind of the individual who is entirely his own guide. Professor William James has drawn a very forcible picture of the wretched condition of the man who has no fixed habits, whose meals are not taken at regular times, who begins to work when he likes and leaves off when he likes, and so on; for whom every little act of daily life is an act of deliberate decision. His nervous system becomes quite unsettled by the multitude of petty decisions thrown upon it. His powers of work are seriously diminished. His physical health suffers. Such are the effects of complete individual freedom in daily life. Can anyone suppose that in the larger world of morality the effect of substituting individual freedom for an authoritative ethic would be less disastrous?

One of the chief cares of a nerve doctor is to make his patient's life regular; the latter is given no personal freedom of decision whatever, but

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must do exactly what the doctor says. This freedom from decision is well known to exercise a soothing and steadyng effect on the patient's nerves. Moreover, having to get up at a fixed time, eat at a fixed time, etc., provides a wholesome daily exercise for the weakened will power, and is a strong suggestive influence. Now, a definite religion, with its standard of right and wrong, is, in a spiritual sense, the doctor of the whole community, and never was it more needed than to-day. Dr Saleeby, certainly no reactionary, says in his book, "Worry," that a decrease in dogmatic belief has been followed by an increase in worry, and uses the words:

" . . . Worry is a mental fact, and is to be dealt with . . . by dogmas rather than drugs."

Again, in another place he writes:

"Many lives are blighted by doubt or sorrow or fear, for which, five hundred years ago, the Church would have provided a remedy."

It is worth while here to remember Mr Whetham's important statement that among the educated people of England, Catholics alone show a high enough birth-rate adequately to maintain their numbers; also Benjamin Kidd's point (see "Social Evolution") that no people can, in the long run, survive, in the absence of what he calls "super-rational" beliefs.

I have heard Foerster say more than once that, in his opinion, the nerve doctor will play no inconsiderable part in re-establishing religion as an authoritative force. It is being realised on every side that it is essential to employ the powers of the soul to overcome physical and nervous weakness,

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but at the same time it is seen that under the influence of a materialistic school of thought the soul cannot be expected to possess much self-confidence. Some view of life seems to be required lending independence to the inward man. Foerster writes :

"Whoever wishes to make the spirit master of human nature . . . will need stern, rigid ideals that lift the spiritual above the natural, and symbolise it in a pure form, absolutely free from all lower influences."

It must be remembered that there are in every nation a very large percentage of slightly psychopathic people, and that for all such people definite ethical standards are absolutely essential. They are hardly less essential even for perfectly healthy people, many of whom are very well capable of becoming morbid under trying nervous conditions. Imagine, for example, what the effect would be on people of a sensitive and emotional nature, slightly inclined to instability as such natures often are, were the influence of the monogamous marriage as the definite, recognised moral standard in sex relationships to be removed from their lives. Millions of men and women of this type are to-day being steadied and saved from their own lower natures by the moral authority of the marriage tie. It is *utterly unpsychological* to ignore the importance of fixed forms. Their suggestive influence is immense. I here take a passage from the *Sexualethik*, p. 50 :

"On account of its social educational value, monogamy is necessary to the continued existence of any high form of civilisation. The more we progress towards understanding the importance of moral and spiritual factors for social health, and towards placing the educational factor in the fore-front of our social reform, the more certain it is that the

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social development of the future will not weaken the marriage bond but strengthen it. . . . It secures a man or woman against the merely impulsive consideration of a most momentous step; it strengthens all the responsibilities of marriage, and deepens and purifies the sexual feelings themselves by the profound earnestness with which it surrounds the whole relationship."

In view of the suggested reforms with regard to the divorce laws, this quotation possesses a special interest. Foerster regards the weakening of the bonds of marriage and the artificial restriction of the family as two of the most serious dangers to which modern society is exposed. They are, in essence, merely different phases of the same thing—the desire of the modern man to *control his own life*—individualism in ethics again. They are also closely related in the sense that the second is to a very large extent the cause of the first. (This was made abundantly clear through the evidence given before the recent Divorce Commission.)

I cannot do better than close this article by making a further reference to the positive side of Foerster's teaching. He believes that when the attention of humanity is once thoroughly directed towards the problem of character, we shall then be led back, as he was himself, to the fundamental truths of religion. In his own words:

"True insight into our spiritual nature cannot be obtained by the methods of science and the study of the outer world, but only by self-knowledge and self-perfection."

If the twentieth century makes the education of personal character its first aim, then all will be well.

VIII

AN APPEAL TO MOTHERS

BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

(Being an Extract from a Sermon)

ROUND about us in these days there is a great deal of self-will. We find it very hard to get people to remember that they have something else to do in this world than make enough money to enjoy themselves with.

It begins very young, and our boys and girls grow up to suppose that there is something wrong unless they can always get their own way, unless everything is made easy for them. And sometimes, when they begin to earn a little money of their own, the first thing they are apt to think of is their own pleasures, and if their will or their way is crossed they prefer to follow their own inclination.

Now, it is out of that temper that the weakness of the nation comes. Unless we are a nation that has learnt to be willing to make sacrifices for conscience' sake, and to remember from the earliest days that we are here, not to do what we want, not to follow our own desires and inclinations, but to do what our conscience tells us to do and our God wants us to do—unless we have that spirit in our nation, we shall become weak and feeble, and our day will be done.

And where should we learn these great lessons?

An Appeal to Mothers

Why, in the kingdom of home. *The question whether boys and girls are going to be self-willed, eager to follow their own inclination, reluctant to face sacrifice for conscience' sake, is largely settled before they are ten years of age, and when they are still the subjects of your kingdom.* It is you who must make them feel, from the first days when they can begin so much as to cry, that there is something greater about them than their own inclination. Do not spoil your children; do not let them have their own way because they cry for it, and are impatient and tiresome until they get it. It may save you some little trouble at the moment, *but you are spoiling a future father and mother of the Empire.* And it rests upon you as queens so to rule your kingdom of home that from the first—quietly, gently, but surely—the children know that conscience, right, and the rule of God must first be obeyed.

I don't know where I can turn without seeing that our future largely depends upon the way in which the character of our people is settled and made *by the atmosphere of the home.* Oh, you queens, if you only understood how great was your power! If you only realised that there is something given to you, in your charge, in your hand, that no one can take from you, that matters more for our nation than all the public meetings and all the great discussions and votes that take place, you would feel what an honour God has given you. I ask you to rise to the greatness of your honour of being the nursing mothers of your nation.

IX

THE TRAINING OF DELICATE CHILDREN

BY M. C.

"Sister Frances is sad,
Because Henry is ill :
And she lets the dear lad
Do whatever he will."

Possibly the sentiments which found expression in the above lines a hundred years ago are not without their echo in modern times. Have we not all felt as children that the one moment when discipline could and should be relaxed was when we "were ill"?

To a certain extent this is true.

Who would not sympathise with the little boy (let us hope a fictitious character) whose parents held the view that "illness" is almost synonymous with "sin"?

"Not ill, only naughty," he murmured sadly, in reply to a friendly question.

On the other hand, who does not regard somewhat doubtfully the child who "knows how to take his own temperature"—the family where every fit of fretfulness, every outburst of temper, is attributed to the child being "out of sorts"?

Of course, in nine cases out of ten, especially where the child is nervous and delicate, a real

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physical cause is at the root of much so-called naughtiness.

Over-fatigue, stomach derangement, nervous fears, etc., all these are elements in the problem of "naughtiness" which no wise mother would ever despise or ignore. And how many a nerve-shaking scene could be avoided, how many a difficult temperament built up into a calm, controlled character, by a reasonable working knowledge of the laws which govern this "body of our humiliation"!

Take for homely illustration a scene common enough at the end of a long railway journey: who does not know it? The fretting, tiresome child, worn out with fatigue and, possibly, hunger, the hasty slap, the angry plumping down again on the hard seat.

Contrast with this the quiet word of control coupled with the lift up on to mother's knee, and, perhaps, that timely morsel of food so restoring to over-wrought frames since time began, and equally effective in the case of the little child or that of the warrior Jonathan spent with the pursuit of battle and finding his strength restored by the honeycomb (1 Sam. xiv. 27).

The main danger of attending too much to the physical aspect of affairs is, of course, that the small people so soon take advantage of that atmosphere of "extenuating circumstances" which it is inclined to create.

Perhaps one of the best antidotes is to be found in the pregnant remark once addressed to the writer:

"My dear, that was the reason—but it was not the excuse."

A strong and self-controlled character is needed

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to prevent love, and pity, and our own abiding consciousness of those same "extenuating circumstances," from degenerating into weak indulgence in the presence of a sick child.

Also the "line of least resistance" seems, alas! to many so much the easiest to follow; it seems to save so much trouble!

"She lets the dear lad
Do whatever he will."

But unfortunately the trouble, like a running account, accumulates, only to be presented in later years with a terrible total added; for self-indulgence, imperious self-will, and all the besetting sins of sickness have a way of increasing tenfold.

And the settling of that account is never remitted.

If this is true in the case of normal children and their passing ailments, is it not doubly so when the problem which confronts us is that of prolonged illness and suffering, or life-long delicacy?

It is with this special problem that this paper is chiefly concerned. Spartan sternness—weak indulgences. How many a mother has stood trembling between these two great dangers by the side of some sinning, suffering little one!

Too clearly she sees the advancing foes which close in to beset that weak and handicapped little soldier in Life's hard battle.

The wearing pain, the piteous limitations, the growing self-centredness and increasing outbursts of self-will and passion.

Then that poor mother, with fierce primeval instinct, as the foe approaches would fain cover

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with her body, shield with her life, the little one so dear to her.

"Oh, that I could bear the pain for you!" "Henceforth I will stand between you and every rough wind that blows. . . . Pain shall be minimised with the aid of every art known to science. . . . Limitations shall be scarcely noticed, so continuously will I slave for you. . . . Passion shall not touch you, for you shall know no thwarting."

Oh, the beauty, and yet, underlying all, the pity of it!

For if the love rises no higher than this it rises no higher than that of some poor barbaric mother of long ago, cowering over her little one in face of a Roman legion—and it is well-nigh as powerless. Wise is she who realises in that day that "the best defence lies in a vigorous offensive," and with her own hands girds a weapon to her child's side and in the power of God teaches those feeble hands "to war" and those weak fingers "to fight."

What is the weapon that, under God, shall drive back the overwhelming strength of the enemy? It is none other than the pale, bright sword of Discipline—mightier far than Excalibur—a veritable "sword bathed in heaven."

But, wise as is the mother who would thus arm her child, she must also be brave. It is not easy to preach patience and pluck to a child whose face is weary with pain. It is not easy to punish disobedience or passion when the small delinquent is strapped helplessly on a little bed; or to prick the gay air-balls of conceit and self-importance which so often buoy up the "little invalid of the household."

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Yet it is in the doing of these things that the little one is gradually invested with that mighty weapon *self-discipline*, *self-government*, *self-control*—a weapon which will be to him in the years to come a more valuable asset than thousands of gold and silver.

Theories! someone may say, Theories! And it is because such a charge may be brought against this paper, because *La route du précepte est longue, celle de l'exemple est courte*, that I ask you to leave the paths of “precept” and in the following sketch* to tread with me the more sure ground of “example.”

The verdict had been given, “The child has hip-disease”; and now, on her fourth birthday, the first slight operation was to be performed which is usual in such cases.

She was very wee, very white, and not a little uplifted by the importance which surrounded her.

Needless to say, when the moment came she proved no heroine.

The heroine, if anybody, was “mother,” that widowed mother who sat so bravely by, trying to soothe and control the child’s frantic crying: for in those old-fashioned days chloroform was not considered necessary, except in very severe cases.

The newest birthday present—dolls’ meats on painted platters—was held out in vain. The turkey on his white dish failed to please; and the mother’s tears, though the child wondered vaguely at them, were dismissed by her small mind as something wholly irrelevant.

* This sketch is absolutely true, the writer being the “child” referred to. For obvious reasons names have been omitted.

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At last the doctors allowed a whiff of chloroform, and quiet reigned until the operation was over.

And now began a life of discipline for the child, a discipline surely tenfold harder for that brave mother.

Each day the wound had to be dressed anew; and the child was only four.

But there was little crying or fuss, for was not this the moment for those entrancing stories of brave soldier-men wounded in battle with which the mother beguiled the process and fascinated the child's vivid imagination with tales of pluck and endurance?

Hairdressing, too, such a tiresome business of tangles and pulls when one is lying flat in bed—was rendered charming by the adventures of a certain “little man”—an imaginary pathfinder—who journeyed through primeval forest, thus: “He came to a big bush in the wood”—comb very busy here with a refractory knot—“but he got through”—knot disentangled and a freiful tear averted. “Then he came to a *very* bad place”—tweaky pull safely over; and so on, till the pillow'd head was smooth and tidy for the day.

It was a most disconcerting fact, however, that when the child had been in a fury of naughtiness or disobedience, the “little man” kept away for that day and the hairdressing proceeded in a solemn atmosphere unrelieved by romance. Sad, but salutary.

So the days went on, and the baby—for she was little more—began to grasp the first idea of cheery self-control.

There was pain—long nights of pain in the

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little cot by mother's big bed. There is a dim memory of soothing words and tender care ; but by that curious law of nature familiar to most of us, the memory of pain remains dim, and the merry childhood "stands out in sunny outline brave and clear."

And it was a merry' childhood.

The child was a most gay and lively soul ; her broad grin was known by one of the neighbours as "the Duchess's smile," and earned for her in later life the nickname of Mark Tapley.

In such a disciplined and healthy atmosphere as that which surrounded her and in which she grew up, it could hardly be otherwise.

Life was full of treats and pleasures—treats so small, yet so entrancing !

Summer treats of outings, in the long spinal carriage, to the lanes to gather wild roses. Winter joys, when the stretcher, on which the child lay, was set in the kitchen, and little dabs of pastry, to cut into shapes with the pastry-cutters, were a never-ending joy. Very dirty was the final "shape," but very satisfactory when baked ! Then there were the endless games with the brothers ; amazing dramas—directed from the bed.

Then the books !

Much might be said on the incalculable influence of books, glorious friends as they are, on the sensitive mind of a sick child, and their unknown power for future good or ill. In such a case surely more than usual discretion should be used both as to *what* is read, and as to control in the matter of insatiable and unlimited reading.

Things read and half understood, which would be easily dismissed by a healthy mind, may be

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the source of years of unspoken misery when they have fallen upon the soil of a morbid or sick imagination.

All the pleasures of this small life left no room for self-pity, and it is not too much to say that the limitations, so painfully obvious to outsiders, passed almost unnoticed by the child herself.

"Poor, afflicted little soul!" sighed a sympathetic passer-by; and the remark was hailed afterwards by the child with shouts of merry laughter—indeed, the phrase almost attained the dignity of a family joke.

Bright and amusing as her life was made, she was none the worse off for knowing that there were clearly understood times when she was expected to "be quiet" and "amuse herself."

Neither was a certain lesson in courtesy ever forgotten.

The scene was a dull autumn afternoon when a friend had come to show the art of making paper boxes, figures, etc. Alas for human nature! The child, feeling bored and self-important, refused to learn the art, and the friend was sent empty away.

Mother had much to say about that when she came home, and next time the friend came she was treated to a very different reception from a humbled—and this time grateful—little person!

There were other lessons, too, for the child was no "angel child."

Fierce storms of passion, unbending self-will, added to a nervous, artistic temperament and vivid imagination, made the task of discipline one of almost superhuman difficulty.

But the mother recognised from the first its *superhuman* character, and therein lay her strength;

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it must be a God-given power, a “sword bathed in heaven,” wherewith she must arm her little daughter.

‘ Surely it was this strength which enabled her, when the child was beside herself with passion, to order the little stretcher on which she lay strapped to be carried bodily into the silence and solitude of an adjoining room, there to be left till she “was good.”

Further, has the child ever forgotten that mother’s voice, as, after one of those sad days of passion and conflict, it spoke of “pardon and peace,” and murmured “Sun of my soul” with the good-night kiss?

And what a depth of love sprang up in that childish heart to meet the love and tenderness with which that dear one surrounded her!

“How can you be so severe?” was the comment of many a neighbour. But the mother looked to the years that were coming—years bound to be full of weariness and “hardness,” and doubly needing the God-given grace of self-control wherewith to meet them.

And Wisdom was “justified of her children.” The coming years brought much in their train. The actual disease passed away, leaving, however, a permanent lameness, and the child grew up to a life of varied experiences.

She became an art student, and her subsequent career, with its stormy joys and sorrows, hampered as it was by frequent illness and many limitations, called for much self-discipline and self-control to meet its manifold temptations.

But behind all, blessing and hallowing what might otherwise have been a self-centred and undisciplined life embittered by circumstances,

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lay the training of her childhood and the tender home love, a love of that supreme quality which "never faileth."

And she awaits the advancing years with quiet gladness, for that training abides, and with her she ever carries that "sword bathed in heaven" girt to her side long ago by that most tender mother, whose "children rise up and call her blessed."

X

HOW TO DEAL WITH OBSTINATE CHILDREN

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY THE
REV. G. W. HART, C.R.

WHAT IS OBSTINACY ?

It is the uncontrolled, exaggerated love of our own way. Very often it arises from high spirits, as yet unchecked and undisciplined. Such high spirits, if kept under due restraint from early years, are most desirable and excellent. It is quite natural for an infant or a tiny child to be obstinate, for the lesson of self-control has not yet been fully learnt, *although such lessons should be begun from the earliest days* of the child's life. But if a child is still obstinate at fourteen or fifteen, there is cause for anxiety, although it is probable that the parents are more to blame than the child.

HOW TO DEAL WITH IT

Constantly exercise quiet firmness from the child's earliest days, even about trifles which appear to be unimportant. Children must feel that their parents really have the mastery, and must grow from infancy in an atmosphere of loving govern-

How to Deal with Obstinate Children

ment. "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves"—*i.e.* ensure absolute obedience about little things at two or three years old, and you are not likely to be disobeyed when you urge resistance to more serious temptation at thirteen or fourteen. This means constant care and effort as well as tact and patience on the part of the parents, but it is well worth it all.

Pray fervently for and with the child. Attend very carefully to the morning and evening prayers of all the children. Pray for them. Teach the obstinate child to pray at once, when tempted. Teach it, when it has done wrong, to confess the sin to God, telling Him the whole story in his own words.

When it is in fault, talk seriously and lovingly to the child. This should be done calmly, in cold blood, and (even with young children) in private. *Avoid perpetual nagging and scolding, which only harden.*

Administer punishment when necessary. This unpleasant duty should never be shirked through carelessness, indifference, or unwise over-affection. Try lesser punishments first, such as deprivation of pleasure or reward (*e.g.* "no circus," "no playing in the garden to-day"); sending to bed in the daytime (but never without food); postponement of pocket-money, etc. To set naughty children to learn passages of Holy Scripture or Collects by heart would be an unwise punishment. Again, remember punishment is quite useless unless it is real—*i.e.* felt by the child. If milder methods

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of correction fail, then, as a last resource, administer a good, sound whipping. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is still true, and there is Scriptural authority for it. Corporal punishment is, for stubborn children at least, perfectly wise and safe. Such chastisement should always be —(a) rare, and therefore all the more impressive ; (b) severe, yet, of course, never injurious or harmful ; (c) inflicted in private, and after some pause, so as to ensure calmness in the parent. *Thumps, knocks, boxes on the ear, casual blows, are all worse than useless, and should never be given under any circumstances.*

With all children "well in their teens" avoid corporal punishment. If they are still obstinate at that age, talk very gravely to them in private, dwelling on such points as their incipient manhood or womanhood and the consequent claims of self-respect ; the love due to parents ; and, above all, the grievousness of displeasing God by such sins as stubbornness.

At all costs keep your word to every child. Whether you promise "sweeties" or "the slipper," never on any pretext go back on your word. "If you tell a boy you'll break his head you've got to do it!"—therefore be *much on your guard* against idle threats and hasty promises.

Do not lose sight of the needs of the other children because you are much concerned with the training of those who are difficult to control. The training of less obstinate children is often more difficult than that of the stubborn ones. Until God had disciplined him severely, Jacob's faults were at least as great as those of Esau.

How to Deal with Obstinate Children

An obstinate child, if wisely controlled, often develops sturdiness of character, self-reliance, and honesty ; but a timid, yielding child is more easily led into trouble by ill-chosen companions, and is more likely to be untruthful, through fear of punishment or scolding, than is his more robust companion.

XI

HOME CONTROL IN THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN

ITS NECESSITY

BY THE RIGHT HON.
THE EARL OF MEATH, P.C., K.P.

IT can hardly be denied that there is special need in these days to emphasise the importance of home control in the training of children.

Its gradual decadence within the last two generations is patent and beyond all doubt. One only needs to keep one's eyes open in order to be aware of the numbers of undisciplined and uncontrolled children growing up around one without guidance and without self-restraint. Within the last fifty years many parents have deliberately uncrowned themselves, have stepped down from the dais of authority, and have ceased even to pretend to guide and control their offspring. Some have taken this step from conscientious motives, some because they believed they were following thereby the spirit of the times, some because they considered it the fashion, some from sheer laziness or desire to be relieved of a burdensome responsibility, and some because they gained thereby more time for selfish indulgence and amusement. But whatever the cause, the lamentable results of such

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neglect of home responsibilities and duties are equally noticeable and are equally deplorable.

The seriousness of the evil is acknowledged and deplored by many eminent and well-informed men and women.

"The future of our race," says Lord Charles Beresford, "depends upon the children of to-day. That strong sense of duty, without which an individual or a people becomes soft and degenerate, is not so clearly visible as it was—the present tendency is to think of self, pleasure, indulgence, and to work only for personal objects." "The lack of any effective educational and disciplinary control over boys," says Mr Winston Churchill, "from the time they leave school till they become workmen, is one of the most serious features of the present situation." And the late Rev. J. B. Paton, Principal Emeritus of the Congregational Institute, lately wrote: "It is the great mass of our working youths who are fearfully neglected and injured both in their homes and in the workshop. They have little or no discipline. Our best working men are feeling this."

If there is anyone in Great Britain who knows how much of the social unrest, of the so-called unemployment, of the degraded, abject destitution to be found in our midst is due to lack of home training and control, it is the Rev. Prebendary Carlile, the Founder of the Church Army. "I should be afraid," he says, "to say what proportion of the men who throng our Labour Homes can trace their downfall to parental weakness. In our prison work we meet with innumerable men and lads who need never have been in prison at all if there had

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been even a moderate degree of parental wisdom and control."

But the lack of home control is not confined to this country. The well-known American writer, the Rev. J. R. Miller, says: "There is in our country, as well as in yours, a painful lack of firmness and discipline in home training, and consequently a lack of fine results in character which would come from such discipline." And he is supported in this view by the Dean of Denver, who gives the following astounding facts in regard to moral lawlessness and juvenile crime in the United States; a country, let it be remembered, where home control has perhaps been more relaxed than anywhere else. Dean Hart says: "One death in every sixty-five in the United States is either a murder or a suicide. Crime is steadily increasing from one for every 3000 of the population fifty years ago, to one for every 300. To-day there is one criminal in actual durance for every 250 of the population of Colorado.

"This condition of declining morality must continue till the children are taught to be moral in the home and in the school.

"But moral lawlessness is no less baneful to the community than criminal lawlessness, and divorce is a gauge of moral lawlessness. In 1904 there were 61,000 divorces in America, as against 177 granted in England, and nineteen in Canada! In Denver in 1909 there was one divorce for every four marriages; and in one day in the month of July 1910 the Court granted thirteen divorces, when eleven marriage licences were issued the same day. In regard to juvenile crimes, there were in 1899, in Chicago, 17,300

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prisoners under sixteen. In a generation of Denver boys, 2000 had been in gaol—one in every five. Judge Lindsay (of the Juvenile Court, Denver) stated that from his two years' investigation he should estimate that at least 50 per cent. of the Denver boys were dishonest. In the face of this alarming condition of the morality of the nation, it must be confessed that the public education is a failure. It fails to do that very thing for which education is undertaken; it fails to train our youth to the yoke of discipline and obedience; it fails to create in them a principle of energy which enables them to resist temptation; it fails to induce them of their own will to accept the law of labour and duty.

"Of course, it is patent to everybody that the first stimulant to any movement of reform is information as to its necessity: and in this country where the education is entirely secular, as a rule crime has steadily and consistently increased, and it will necessarily do until children are supplied with some incentive to keep them moral."

The need of a stricter home control has not escaped the attention of Italian statesmen. The Marquess of San Giuliano, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Italy, wrote: "Indiscipline is surely one of the greatest evils of modern society; it is continually spreading and menacing the very foundations of European nations." It is probable that the unprovoked murder of an Italian schoolmaster by one of his scholars, who was chosen by lot from amongst his fellows to perform the dreadful deed for no other reason than that the teacher had not given as many good marks as the children thought were their due, may have given Italian statesmen cause to consider whether the

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practical abolition of all effectual forms of control in State schools has proved a national blessing or the reverse.

There are signs, however, that a wholesome reaction against this widespread neglect of home duties has already commenced. Parents are beginning to perceive that neither homes nor children are the happier for this comparatively recent relaxation of home discipline.

Indeed, there is grave cause to believe that there is less happiness in many modern homes, where the Law of Solomon is neglected, than there used to be even in the perhaps overstrict days of half-a-century ago. Human character does not appear to have been strengthened by the emancipation of the immature mind from parental control; a hope firmly cherished at the time by those who first broke loose from the traditions of the past.

Doubtless some characters will grow the stronger for having had in earliest youth to trust entirely to themselves to choose the right and to resist the wrong; but human nature is human nature, and it is to be feared that, like the young sapling exposed to the continuous wind, the young mind will as a rule bend to the pressure of evil from within and from without unless strengthened by the God-given aid of strong and loving parents. Habits formed in early youth, whether for good or evil, exercise a dominant influence throughout life on the human character. Therefore, let us instil good ideas into the infant mind, and encase the young soldier in the armour of healthy, sound, and well-regulated habits, which shall shield him from hurt until he is strong enough to dispense

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with the artificial defence of custom. By withholding our aid in early youth we are defrauding the children of the parental guidance and help which even the brute creation is taught by instinct in many cases to render to its young.

We have a duty to perform to the State as well as to the family, and as the stability of the nation depends on the stability of the characters of the units which compose the nation, we have surely no right to imperil the national security for personal selfish reasons, or even in furtherance of ideas which are new to the world, and do not bear the hall-mark of reasoned experience.

Jurists also are awakening to the dangers which threaten Society and the State by the increase of crime and the present humanitarian tendency to excessive leniency.

The present acknowledged indiscipline in the home is doubtless due to a reaction from the over-severity of former years, and the pendulum of public opinion having swung too far in the direction opposed to that which it occupied, say, sixty or one hundred years ago, will in all probability within a short time swing back again to a position, we may hope, approaching more nearly that of equilibrium. For if home control be really the basis of national character, and if the prosperity and stability of a State be dependent on the character of its citizens, can anyone doubt that the sturdy common-sense of the British people will ultimately find the happy medium between too great severity and too great laxity in the training of children?

For consider the magnitude of the issues dependent on the proper training of the rising generation of the white subjects of the King.

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To them as they grow up will be entrusted the government of one-fifth portion of the entire population of the globe, including 340 millions of helpless, voiceless, dependent, coloured subjects of the King-Emperor—a national responsibility undreamt of in the past, and unknown in its magnitude to any people on the face of the globe.

For these 340 millions of coloured men and women represent an almost inconceivable multitude of human beings far larger than the united populations of the two most populous countries of the world after China and the British Empire, and this irrespective of the 60 millions of white citizens who hold the reins of government within the Empire, and who, together with the 340 millions, raise the number of the subjects of King George V. to the vast total of 400 millions.

Grave imperial as well as national considerations demand that at all events every one of the ruling race, every white subject of King George, shall be so trained in early youth as to become, when he or she reaches years of discretion, as perfect a man or woman in soul, mind, and body as forethought, training, and discipline may be capable of producing.

If the British Empire is to last, the God-fearing, virile, duty-loving, national character which has raised the British race to its present height of power must be preserved at all costs; and it is through home control that this character has been formed in the past, and must be maintained in the future.

British parents should realise that on their conduct towards their children will depend the

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future of this magnificent, and we believe, notwithstanding all its failings, beneficent Empire.

If they bring their children up with noble ideals; in habits of diligence, alertness, obedience and respect; if they teach them to be unselfish, scornful of pain, and swiftly obedient to the commands of parents and teachers and of all lawful authority, this Empire will last, and will be a blessing to the world; but if, on the other hand, the children are allowed to grow up without guidance and without discipline, if they are permitted to be insubordinate, selfish, idle, luxurious and soft, the British Empire will suffer the fate of all the other great political organisations which have preceded it, and which have fallen not so much through outward attack as from inward decay.

All, therefore, to whom the welfare of their country is dear should never cease to practise and to preach the tenets of the gospel of home control and of duty towards the community and the State.

Let the wise, noble, and memorable words of our King ever ring in our ears as a trumpet-call to home control and family discipline:

"The foundations of national glory are set in the homes of the people, and they will only remain unshaken while the family life of our nation is strong, simple and pure."

Some interesting leaflets and volumes, entitled "Essays on Duty and Discipline," have lately been published by Messrs Cassell. They amply repay perusal by all who believe that a strong, healthy, national character is largely dependent on an adequate and wise control of youth in the home.

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They are to be obtained at moderate prices from Miss Isabel Marris, of 117 Victoria Street, S.W., and those who have been gifted with both the desire and the means of benefiting their generation and the Empire might find many less effective means of doing this than by an open-handed but judicious distribution of the above useful literature, and by joining the Duty and Discipline Movement which has been started in order to bring the general ideas set forth by the Essays into closer touch with the family and school life of the nation. Already its membership amounts to nearly 3500.* It is a campaign against juvenile indiscipline. It deals with principles, not with methods. Methods are left to the intelligences and consciences of individuals. Perhaps you ask me what you can do. You can distribute the literature, lend the volumes, and lose no opportunity of recommending the Essays and the Movement. Approach the clergy and invite them to read the Essays, and to recommend them and the Movement from the pulpit. Write letters to the Press on "Duty and Discipline." Arrange drawing-room meetings, and speak. Address schools on the subject. Address patriotic leagues. Point out that there is greater danger to the nation and Empire from indiscipline than from foreign ironclads. We are all familiar with the grave external dangers to which the Empire is exposed, but do we consider sufficiently serious the *internal* dangers? Wealth, softness, foolish sentimentality which sympathises with the criminal and the slacker, and hampers authority, selfishness, indifference to the public welfare, inordinate love and pursuit of pleasure—

* i.e. March 1914.

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such are some of our internal dangers. Great Britain is crowded by men and women who have never learnt self-discipline—idle pleasure-seekers amongst the rich, loafers and slackers amongst the poor.

Our population as a whole is not trained to throw soul, mind, and body into the work of the moment.

Do not let us sit down with folded hands and say: "Ichabod. The day of Empire is past! We cannot fight against the inevitable! It is Fate!" Such has been the degenerate cry of the Turk! Witness the awful result of such insensate and cowardly conduct. The day of retribution for selfish neglect of opportunities has indeed come with a vengeance to the Turk. What can be more awful than the agonising punishment he is at present undergoing? Agonising to soul, mind, and body!

We have been guilty of very similar indifference to national welfare; we have been deaf to the repeated warnings of our wisest citizens. We have loved our own ease, our own pleasures, our own selfish wills—and can we expect to escape a similar if not a worse punishment than that at present being inflicted upon the unhappy Turkish Empire?

It is now several years since our duty-loving King called on us to "wake up."

Have we obeyed his call?

No, we have turned over on the other side and have bid him and others, who have warned us of our danger, to hold their peace.

It may even now be too late!

I hope it is not!

But it is the eleventh hour! We shall have no

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further warnings if we still refuse to listen to the voice of Wisdom.

Let us be found active when the hour of our ordeal arrives. At all events, we shall individually thereby escape the stings of conscience, even should we escape no other stings.

What, then, can we do to save our Race and Empire? We can, at all events, try to bring up our children so that when they attain to manhood and to womanhood they shall be worthy of their Imperial responsibilities. We can train them to love and fear God, and to be capable of no other fear. We can strengthen their wills and minds, and harden their bodies. We can train them in respect for authority. We can teach them, from their earliest years, the habit of instantaneous obedience to legitimate commands. We can saturate the bones of our boys and girls with "grit." We can teach them fortitude, and train them to despise pain. We can show them the supreme pleasure and moral profit to be obtained from a courageous struggle with difficulty or adverse circumstances. We can make them realise the pleasure and profit to be found in the struggle itself—that success or failure is a matter of comparative indifference as long as we have the satisfaction of feeling that we have done our duty, and have accomplished the very best result of which we are capable. We can teach them the meanings of the words, "Responsibility, Duty, Sympathy, and Self-sacrifice."

This for our children. What can we do for ourselves?

We can discipline ourselves. We can learn the sweetness of sacrifice in the interests of the future welfare of our children, nation, and Empire. We

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can endeavour to realise that it is not statesmen who can make or mar the future of our race, but the parents of to-day, in whose hands rests the moulding of the children who twenty years hence will form the British people.

Let us then, without delay, join the Duty and Discipline Movement! Read the Essays! Sign the forms! Spread a knowledge of its propaganda! Persuade your friends to join! And perhaps a faithful remnant may yet be permitted to save this ancient realm from well-merited dissolution.

AUSTRALIA *

O LAND of the good grass plains,
Where wander the countless kine,
Fair land of the swelling downs,
That are fat with corn and wine,

Whose capes for ten thousand miles
Shock full to the surging tide,
And girdle the far-flung hills,
Where the gold and silver hide,

Where slowly the vaster winds
Than blow in the older world,
Are wafting from south to north
Thy banner of peace unfurled.

O land where the whitening dawn
Turns ever a smiling face ;
Where Nature is kind of heart,
Fit home for goodly race.

O land that our fathers gained,
Through hunger and thirst and toil,
Uprooting the matted scrub,
And ploughing the world-old soil.

They scorched on the fiery plains,
And gasped on the desert sands ;
They tramped out the white man's trail,
And sighted the promised land.

* Reprinted from *The Sydney Morning Herald*.

Australia

They waited and worked and won,
Strong men of the ancient stock,
As true to their friends as steel,
In trouble and danger rock.

Their sons, by their toiling, heirs
To leisure and wealth and ease,
Give thanks to their gods that they
Have only themselves to please.

O men of a race too small
To handle your fathers' spade,
To shoulder the ringing axe
And level the forest glade,

Ye crowd to the reeking town,
And swarm in the stifling street,
But shrink from the calling land,
Too rough for your dainty feet.

Ye measure and dole your work,
Give least for the greatest pay,
Work not for the honour of work,
But only for means to play.

Endowed with a land set free
From hunger, disease, and war,
Ye gather your easy gold,
And hug to yourselves your store.

“ O pleasure, be thou our god,”
Comes ever your restless cry ;
“ To-day let us eat and drink,
To-morrow, perchance, we die.”

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O people that honour well
Your prophets that flatter your pride ;
Grown used to resent alarms,
And turn on the other side,

Ye sneer at the faithful friends
Who care for your honest name ;
Condemning as traitors vile
The sons who bewail your shame,

Who count you as souls asleep ;
Not dead to the nobler strife,
Who bid you arise and stand,
And strive even yet for life.

By all the goods gifts of God,
By all the fair hopes for man,
Awake from the sleep of death,
And fight while as yet ye can.

By all that have died for men,
By Christ who endured the cross,
Count nothing but honour gain,
Count all that is selfish loss.

Take up with a loyal heart
The burden upon you laid ;
Who fights on the side of God
Needs never to be afraid.

Be true to the great good land,
And rear 'neath the southern sun
A race that shall hold its own,
And last till the world be done.

Australia

O land that we love so well,
Awake and redeem thy fate,
Arise ere the watchers cry :
“O land of lost hopes—too late ! ”

The Duty & Discipline Movement

This Movement is an organized effort to raise a body of sound public opinion concerning such matters as are treated of in this book.



Among its Vice-presidents are very many of the most distinguished and experienced men and women of the day, belonging to every school of religious, social, and political thought.



The Objects and Rule of the Movement are set forth on the membership forms overleaf. It is hoped that readers will sign these forms and forward them to the Hon. Secretary, who will be glad to send further particulars upon application.



The office of the Movement is at 117, Victoria Street, London, S.W. Office hours, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Telephone No. 5661 Victoria. Telegrams : "Sturdiness, Sowest."

Duty & Discipline Movement Membership Form:

This paper, when signed, to be sent to the Hon. Secretary, 117, Victoria Street, London, S.W., England.

I approve of the objects* of the Duty and Discipline Movement, and I will endeavour to spread a knowledge of them, and to advocate its principles.

**(The objects of the Movement are:—1. To combat indiscipline in the national life, especially in the home and in the school. 2. To give reasonable support to all legitimate authority. Rule 1. The Movement shall deal with principles—not with methods.)*

Name (Mrs., Miss, Esq., etc.)

Address

Date

This Movement was brought to my notice by

Monetary Assistance, however small, will be gladly accepted and thankfully acknowledged. Cheques may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, A. B. Nott Bower, Esq., 83, Lancaster Gate, W., drawn in favour of the "Duty and Discipline Movement Fund, and crossed Messrs. Coutts & Co., or may be sent direct to Messrs. Coutts & Co., 440, Strand, London, drawn to the credit of above Fund.

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**(The objects of the Movement are :—1. To combat indiscipline in the national life, especially in the home and in the school. 2. To give reasonable support to all legitimate authority. Rule 1. The Movement shall deal with principles—not with methods.)*

Name (Mrs., Miss, Esq., etc.)

Address

Date

This Movement was brought to my notice by This Movement may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, A. B. Nott Bowler, Esq., 83, Lancaster Gate, W., drawn in favour of the "Duty and Discipline Movement Fund," and crossed Messrs. Coutts & Co., or may be sent direct to Messrs. Coutts & Co., 440, Strand, London, drawn to the credit of above Fund.

Duty & Discipline Movement Membership Form.

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Monetary Assistance, however small, will be gladly accepted and thankfully acknowledged. Cheques may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, A. B. Nott Bower, Esq., 83, Lancaster Gate, W., drawn in favour of the "Duty and Discipline Movement" Fund, and crossed Messrs. Coutts & Co., or may be sent direct to Messrs. Coutts & Co., 440, Strand, London, drawn to the credit of above Fund.

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NOTE

*The Duty and Discipline Movement,
in circulating its publications, does not
necessarily hold itself responsible for all
the opinions of individual contributors.*

